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DECEMBER 29, 1964

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

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ALOISE HEATH ON POLITICS AND MORTAL SIN ◆ ANTHONY LEJEUNE ON HAROLD WILSON'S LEFTWARD HO ◆ YULETIDE GREETINGS FROM JOHANNES EFF ◆ ALSO BUCKLEY, BURNHAM, MEYER, BROGAN, HART

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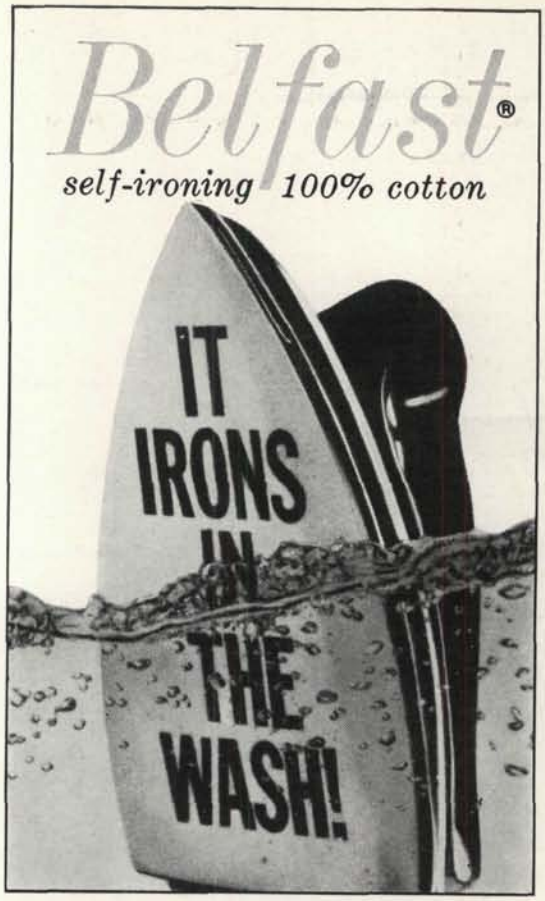

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

James Burnham, Frank S. Meyer,
William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Martha Butler

ASSOCIATES

Arlene Croce, M. Stanton Evans, Will Herberg,
Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Ralph de Toledano,
Timothy J. Wheeler, Garry Wills

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, L. Brent Bozell, Colm Brogan,
John Chamberlain, Frank Chodorov, D. G. M. Coxe, Guy Davenport,
A. Derso, Joan Didion, W. H. von Dreele, Neal Freeman,
Aloise B. Heath,
John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn,
J. B. Matthews, Vincent Miller, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer,
Morrie Ryskind, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
African Affairs: Elspeth Huxley

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
PROMOTION MANAGER: Patrick J. Gorman
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: Howard W. Long Jr.

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In This Issue . . .

➔ The quoted passage on our cover reproduces exactly the text of an exhortation to school officials by the august American Association of School Administrators in the November issue of their bulletin. . . . NATIONAL REVIEW's own ruthless Santa Claus, **Aloise B. Heath,** rides her reindeer roughshod over some whimpering pieties of Modern Education. When you finish "Politics and Mortal Sin" (the close coupling should surprise no one who remembers November 3), you will know what the educationists overlooked when they decided they could keep us all in line if they taught us exclusively How to Think, not What to Think. In their equations they had not taken account of the tribe of Heath. . . . **Anthony Lejeune,** our London correspondent who permitted himself a moderate optimism in his first hasty dispatch following Harold Wilson's October victory, repents in leisure as he observes the Sharp Left Turn that Labor, in spite of its minuscule majority, is taking. . . . If we don't like the Chinese Communist bomb, asks **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.,** why don't we take the readily available means to get rid of it? and can find no convincing objections. . . . In further commentary on the meaning, for conservatives, of our 1964 election, **Frank Meyer** gives advice and warning. . . . And **James Burnham,** still reflecting on his recent trip to Europe, considers the what and why of the European attitude toward Barry Goldwater.

➔ Our Book Section begins with an essay by Professor **Jeffrey Hart** on Evelyn Waugh, occasioned by publication of the first volume, *A Little Learning,* of that remarkable writer's autobiography. Mr. Hart points out the structural isomorphism between the pattern of Waugh's books, of T.S. Eliot's major poems, and what this volume suggests will prove to be the pattern of Waugh's life, concluding "that Waugh's intentions are of an order of seriousness that has not, I think, been sufficiently recognized." . . . The posthumous miscellany of Whittaker Chambers' writing, *Cold Friday,* is reviewed from the calm perspective of another geography and national feeling, by **Colm Brogan.** . . . And **Harrison J. Ullmann,** a journalist and feature writer for the *Indianapolis Sun,* praises the astonishing book by Martin Anderson, *The Federal Bulldozer,* which inflicts on the multi-billion-dollar Urban Renewal Program that crowning indignity—a detailed confrontation with the facts and figures. When you note that Harvard University is a co-sponsor of the project, one of whose results is this book, your faith will be renewed that all is not yet lost.

➔ **Francis Russell,** who so often brings time past and present under a light that illumines them both, here joins today's and yesterday's filming of Somerset Maugham's major book, *Of Human Bondage* . . . And we call to your attention the index bound into this issue, which covers the entire year 1964. . . . So, we add the underlining of all NATIONAL REVIEW's staff to **Johannes Eff**'s wishes to all of you for a Barry Christmas and a Trigger Happy New Year, looking forward to seeing you often in 1965. ➔

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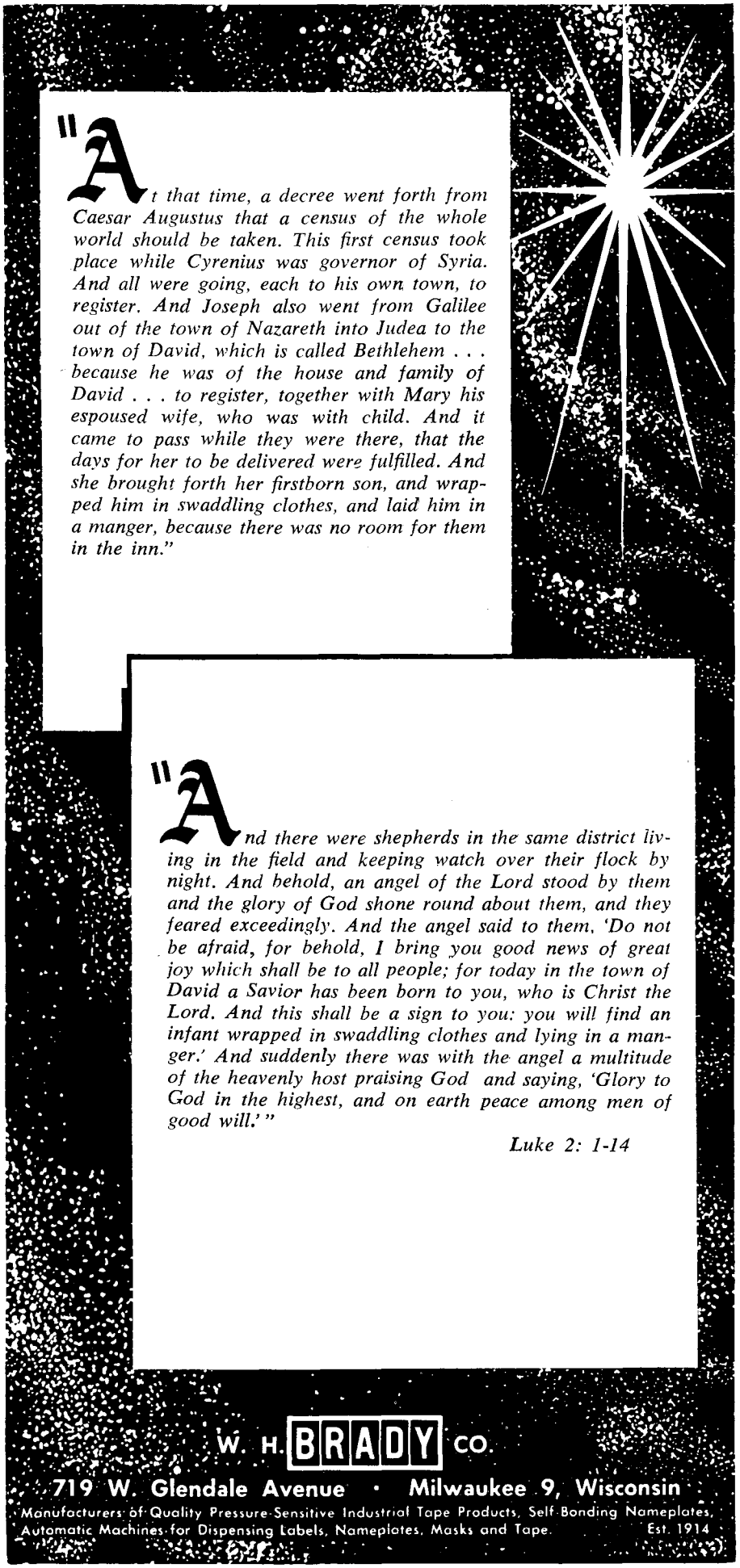
"At that time, a decree went forth from Caesar Augustus that a census of the whole world should be taken. This first census took place while Cyrenius was governor of Syria. And all were going, each to his own town, to register. And Joseph also went from Galilee out of the town of Nazareth into Judea to the town of David, which is called Bethlehem . . . because he was of the house and family of David . . . to register, together with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child. And it came to pass while they were there, that the days for her to be delivered were fulfilled. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."
"And there were shepherds in the same district living in the field and keeping watch over their flock by night. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them and the glory of God shone round about them, and they feared exceedingly. And the angel said to them, 'Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all people; for today in the town of David a Savior has been born to you, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you: you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will.'"
Luke 2: 1-14
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To the Editor

Geltman on Arendt

In "Hannah Arendt and Her Critics" [Nov. 17] Max Geltman underscores some harsh and bitter truths. His article is arresting not merely for what it says but also for what it does not say. It does not tell, for example, *why* the Jews of Europe did not resist more than they did, nor does it give due credit to the significant resistance which they did offer the Germans, considering their relatively small numbers.

The heart of the matter is that the Jews could not believe what was happening to them. The monstrous German lie was that they were being deported only to be "resettled" in "labor camps." Millions were destroyed in gas chambers which were elaborately façaded with lawns, shrubs, and flowers. This is the reason, not explained by Geltman, why what he calls the "so-called uprising," of the Warsaw Ghetto did not occur until more than 90 per cent of the Jews had already been "resettled" and the rest were finally convinced of their fate. In this "so-called uprising," the sick, half-starved, almost weaponless remnant held out longer against German tanks, planes, and heavy artillery than did the entire Polish Army in 1939. This is fact not fantasy, documented by the methodical Germans themselves, though Geltman chose to belittle it.

White Plains, N.Y. SAMUEL RABINOVE

In taking the critics of Hannah Arendt to task Max Geltman violates the ethics of responsible criticism. Permit me to point to one example. Mr. Geltman refers to the Scholem-Arendt exchange in *Encounter* and states that Scholem "persists in arguing a point she [Miss Arendt] doesn't make: Why didn't the Jews resist?"

Since Professor Scholem raises the point only in passing he can hardly be said to persist in it. The core of his criticism consists of the inadequate manner of Hannah Arendt's approach, her "heartless, frequently almost sneering and malicious tone," her failure to demonstrate an adequate love of her people, the Jewish people.

I myself am a Jew who is not a

(Continued on p. 1160)

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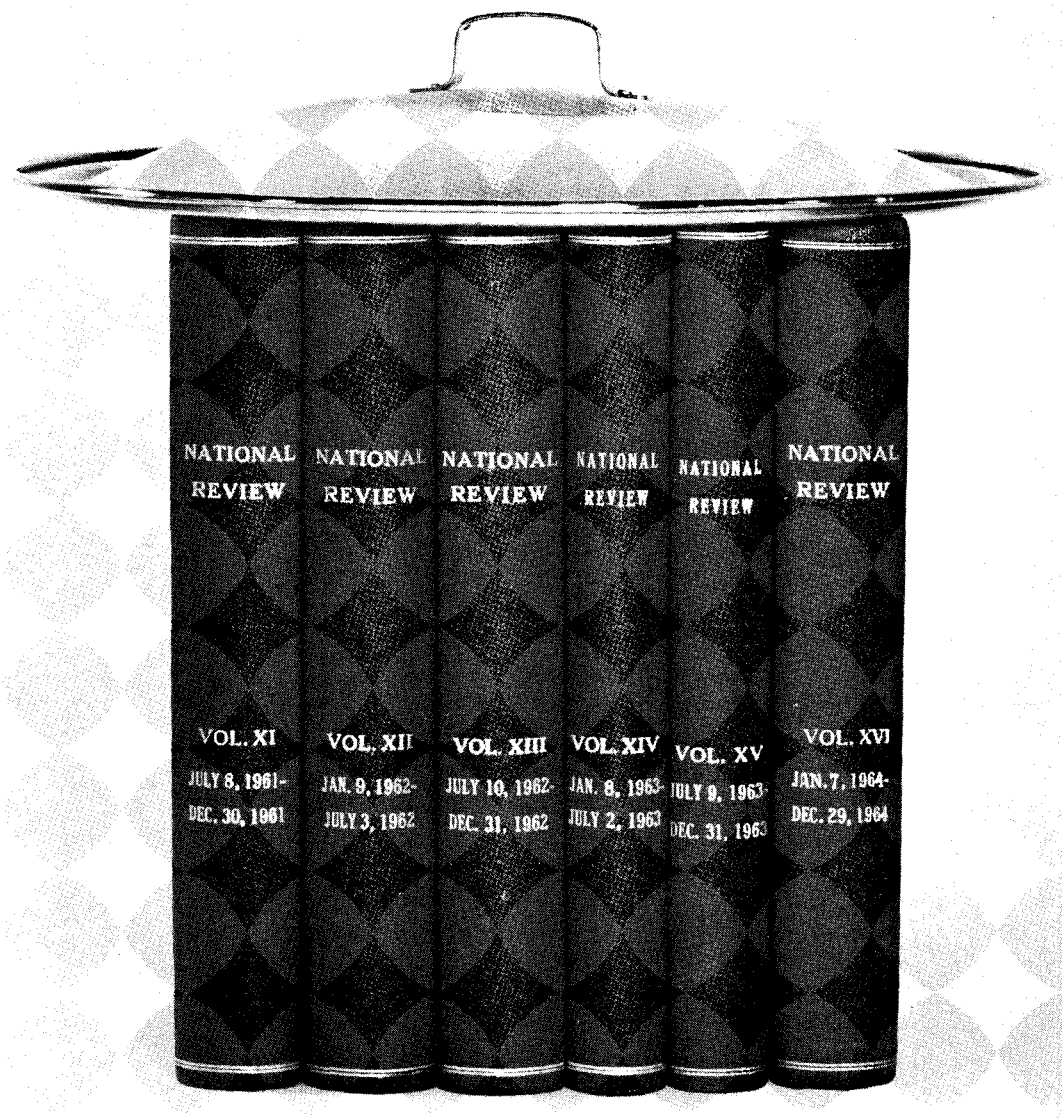

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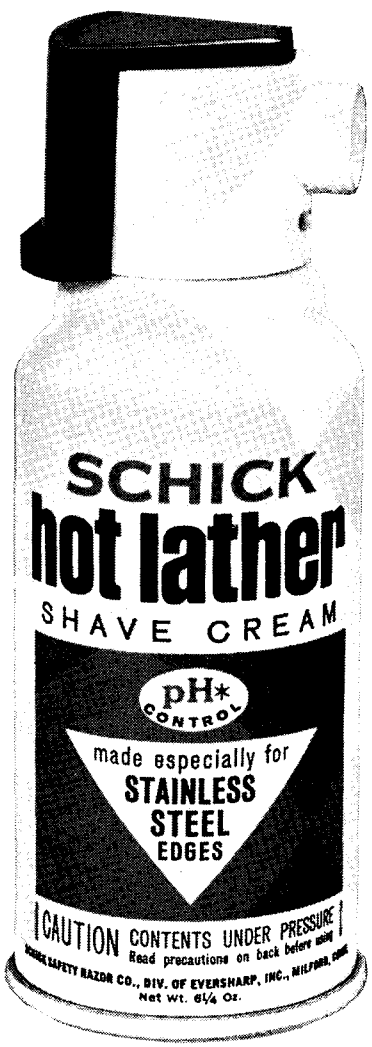

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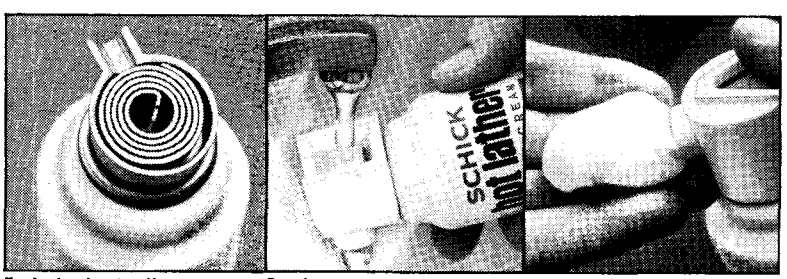

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The WEEK

● Local, state, and federal taxation in 1964 totaled approximately $2,800 per household. President Johnson says the Great Society will guarantee $3,000 per household. Coming or going?

● As one state after another plunges into seemingly hopeless legal confusion trying to conform to the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote apportionment decree, support grows for a constitutional amendment that would re-introduce common sense by permitting one house of a state legislature to be based, as in the past, on factors other than population. Many state governors as well as congressmen believe, in the light of the defeat of Senator Dirksen's proposals last session, that in the Senate it will be impossible to get the two-thirds majority required to submit an amendment to the states in the usual manner. They have therefore turned to the alternate method provided by the Constitution, according to which Congress "shall call" a convention empowered to propose amendments to the states, on petition by two-thirds of the state legislatures. Already sixteen legislatures (out of 34 needed) have sent petitions to Congress. Endorsement early this month by the biennial meeting of the General Assembly of State Governments encourages proponents to think the additional nineteen petitions may soon be forthcoming. If so, a constitutional crisis of unparalleled intensity may break, because a) the Liberals in Congress may refuse to comply with the constitutional provision for calling a convention, and b) if a convention is actually held, it might, like the Philadelphia convention, extend its proceedings to cover not only reapportionment but any other subject it chose.

● Now that Detroit has its newspapers, after a four-month strike, it may owe more than it knows to the Right Rev. Richard S. Emrich, Episcopal Bishop of Michigan, who served on a three-member Governor's commission to investigate the issues in the strike, and who told a news conference early in November: "What we are witnessing in the present strike is two unions, with unlimited veto power, depriving an entire metropolitan area of its newspapers, after twelve other unions willingly and responsibly signed their contracts. . . [One wonders why] one union can veto the capacity of a whole paper to publish, and throw thousands out of work, but no other union can veto the capacity of the pressmen to strike. What kind of justice is this?... This strike has gone on long enough, and, in ways hard to measure, has done incalculable harm. Since the strike hurts the common good, harms the newspapers, throws thousands of innocent people out of work, and injures the cause of good unionism, what in the name of Heaven is the sense of it?" If there's anything more noble than a fascist hyena, it's a fascist hyena bishop. He deserves a Nobel Prize.

● Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson treated Amherst College to an exquisite feast of common sense in his speech of December 9. He condemned the use of "morality" as the transcendent criterion of foreign policy, lampooned "self-determination" as a cover for conflicting interests, defended the use of force—yes, even nuclear force—and argued that our criteria in foreign policy "should be hardheaded in the extreme." That's right, "extreme." He insisted that we should be willing to back up our policy, if need be, with "our fortunes and our lives." And he coolly recalled his response, in 1949, to a colleague who urged that it would be better for the nation to perish than to develop the thermonuclear bomb: "I told him that on the day of judgment his view might be confirmed and that he was free to go forth and preach the necessity for salvation. It was not, however, a view which I could entertain as a public servant."

● One week the Egyptian mobs were burning USIA books and libraries in Cairo and harassing the American consular staff. The next week Nasser's regime was begging $35 million worth of additional food from the U.S., over and above the $140 million yearly handout. Finally, official American sources are quoted as referring to the business as "routine." Which is to say, it's part of a pattern. The same may be said of the symptoms of clinically defined mental illness.

● Under the auspices of the Domestic Peace Corps' "Cultural Enrichment Series," Malcolm X, the former hotblood of the Black Muslims, last week enriched an enthusiastic Harlem audience with his ideas on "Afro-American" militancy. Negroes should remain here, he said, but "migrate to Africa culturally, philosophically and spiritually." By allying themselves with the new African nations, American Negroes could form a power structure against the white West, thereby achieving equality. The same week, cultural, philosophical, and spiritual representatives of Africa were justifying, in the UN, the massacre of white people whose only crime was to try to bring a little civilization to Africa.

● A reader who watches his television commentators carefully, reports: On the early evening news, Monday, Dec. 14, two of the major networks re-

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ported that experts at the Picatinny arsenal believed the mortar used against the United Nations building the Friday before was probably of Red Chinese manufacture. On the NBC 11:00 P.M. news that same night, Picatinny had apparently changed its mind and no longer had an opinion. Six o'clock Tuesday, Aberdeen had been called in on the matter and its experts identified the mortar as a World War II German weapon. By 11:00 that same night, NBC reported it was of *West* German manufacture. Our reader, who is both intrepid and energetic, and ever so slightly mischievous, phoned NBC to find out how come. NBC told him that that was how the UPI story read. Our friend phoned UPI, got the man who wrote the story who said all he had said was that it was of "German" manufacture. Our friend phoned NBC back. . . .

● NEW HAVEN: The unsinkable Clare Boothe Luce has left town with her reputation—as writer, *raconteuse,* political tactician and female female—just a little bit more secure than when she arrived six hours ago. She firmly put the lie to that scoundrel in the Bureau of Records who is reported to have reported that Mrs. Luce has passed the green side of sixty. An *NR* spy got the irreverent impression that she was actually flirting with undergraduates at dinner, and with astonishing success. She told stories on Walter Lippmann and Arthur Krock, and lightly deflected the insistent young men who wanted her to disparage Barry Goldwater. To another obvious question, she replied, "I had hoped to demonstrate to Mr. Keating the essential value of party unity in pursuit of victory—for which there is no substitute in politics." To a particularly tendentious question on civil rights: "Perhaps you should read my book on that subject. Which I wrote before you were born. When I wasn't running for office." Then, in a formal address, in a packed Yale Law School auditorium (than which there is no more implacable academic audience) she gave a sharp analysis of the problems—political, psychological, historical—which now beset the GOP. Her arresting delivery produced seven interruptions for applause, nineteen for laughter. What next for Mrs. Luce? Harvard, of course.

● The White House, taking a dim view of a float that Downey, Calif., is planning to enter into the Pasadena New Year's Rose Parade—a 20-foot beagle with ten-gallon hat, distended ears, and a bewildered expression—instructed Idea Man Eric Goldman to put the kibosh on the project. Mr. Goldman's mission was a failure. The float committee yelped once or twice, but at this writing is doggedly standing its ground.

● Where's Humphrey?

Civil Disobedience: An Imprimatur

It surprised exactly no one when the Supreme Court, on December 14, upheld Title II—the key section, having to do with "public accommodations"—of the Civil Rights Act. Moreover, it cannot be said in this matter that the Court has usurped powers not properly adhering to the judicial branch—though the precedents set by the Warren Court suggest it would not have hesitated to usurp whatever powers might have been needed to carry out its will. In this instance the justices could exercise an unaccustomed restraint for the good and sufficient reason that they were in full accord with what the legislative and executive branches were doing. The Legislature had voted the Civil Rights Act. The Executive had proposed it, signed and praised it, and was engaged in enforcing it. The successful candidate in the recent election had declared his total support of the Act, and had made it a major issue in the campaign; and had been overwhelmingly elected at least partly because of his stand on that issue. Thus the Court, for once, could afford the luxury of a purely judicial stance, neither making the law nor executing it, but propounding merely that the policy decided by the appropriate organs of government (and presumptively endorsed by the electorate) was not in violation of the Constitution.

And Justice Tom Clark, for the unanimous Court, was in particular concerned, it seems clear on reading his opinion, to confine his argument closely within accepted law and established precedent. (Conceivably the justices, or some of them, have been disturbed at least a little bit by the well-documented charges of usurpation.) In writing the law, Congress rested Title II on the Interstate Commerce Clause alone, and Justice Clark, too, bases his finding on that relationship solely, leaving aside the possible connection with the Fourteenth Amendment, on which many Liberals would have preferred to rely. To bar discrimination in public accommodations which either a) do business with out-of-state persons, or b) use a substantial proportion of items produced, in whole or part, out of state, falls clearly, Justice Clark contends, under the constitutional power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce. In fact, anything that "affects" interstate commerce comes under the power; and discrimination against a race comprising twenty million citizens certainly does so. He found precedents abundantly at hand, from Marshall's day to our own.

Title II is a "moral" prescription, and Justice Clark was able to point to a number of prior laws of this same sort enacted and validated under the Interstate Commerce Clause: laws against white slavery, kidnaping and gambling, for example. The

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citations are persuasive. Granted this century's constitutional trend, this ruling on Title II is in general plausible if not quite inevitable. (Not inevitable, because with logic at least as persuasive, the Court might have ruled against Title II, even if valid under the Interstate Commerce Clause, because of its invasion of certain rights explicitly guaranteed by the Constitution—which rights, however, are not presently in fashion.) But we should be quite clear about the constitutional situation in which we find ourselves as a result of the combined operation of Legislature, Executive, and Judiciary on Title II. It can be simply stated: Congress has the power to impose any rule or regulation on virtually any business or occupation whatever. In our present economy, all businesses and occupations are "engaged in" or "affect" interstate commerce in the sense now defined. There is thus no further constitutional restriction on centralized economic tyranny.

The Court did not stop on December 14 with the validation of Title II. It went on to "abate"—nullify—all pending state prosecutions of sit-in and other demonstrators arrested for trying to get service in accommodations *now* covered by the Federal Civil Rights Act. And though the action on Title II surprised no one, this auxiliary decision was so much of a surprise that four of the justices themselves voted against it, with Justice Hugo Black—no stickler for strict construction—taking the lead in denouncing the majority opinion for falsely interpreting the intent of Congress, probably violating the Constitution, and very likely inviting grave social consequences.

Likely indeed. If we turn from the formal legal questions involved in these decisions, this "abatement" decree will reveal what, from a historical and social standpoint, is really at stake in the sequence of events that has produced the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the December 14 Court opinions. Justice Harlan—one of the dissenters on the abatement issue—summed it up accurately in observing that the Court has come to the aid of "those who took the law into their own hands."

Let us think how the sequence will be interpreted and understood by civil rights activists and by the sophisticated Communist operatives assigned to the civil rights theater.

At Greensboro, North Carolina, on February 1, 1960, the so-called sit-in campaign began. By deliberate intent and plan, it was a campaign of mass civil disobedience—a systematic, large-scale violation of existing laws of the land, making use of mass action and revolutionary methods, disruptive of public order, invading the rights of tens of thousands of persons, most of them mere bystanders, and inevitably resulting in frequent violence. In 1962 the President proposed and in July 1964 Congress passed the Civil Rights Act, not because of any abstract reasoning about morality or the intricacies of the Interstate Commerce Clause, but from a growing fear of the wave of mass civil disobedience, hoping to appease the unloosed multitude. The Court then not only put its imprimatur on the capitulation but released from all penalty the revolutionary violators of the norms of public order and legality. The Court thus declares in accents everyone can comprehend: if you don't like the law, if you find the law interferes with what you take to be your rights or wishes, get a mob together, and break the law as you may choose. If there are enough of you, we'll change the law, and exonerate you retroactively.

The Peaceful Kingdom

The Rev. Martin Luther King evidently interprets his Nobel Peace Prize as equivalent to a graduate degree in World Statesmanship. Since getting his tax-free $54,000 on December 10, he has been issuing a daily ukase on how to solve this and that of mankind's current problems. On the day after the award, he gave the students of Oslo University his peace prescription: "non-cooperation with customs and laws" on the anathema list, with "direct participation of masses in protest." His rhetoric had its usual peaceful ring: "Thousands of faceless, anonymous, relentless young people," he told the Norwegian young people, "left the ivory towers of learning to storm the barricades of bias"—peace in hand, of course. On the 13th he dashed to Stockholm to join in a celebration of the first anniversary of the independence of Kenya, achieved by the peace-loving exertions of the Mau Mau leaders now escalated into Kenyan magistrates. He devoted his remarks to a peace-seeking call for a "massive boycott" of South Africa because of its "vicious regime," and a demand that all "foreign troops" and "mercenaries" get immediately out of the Congo.

The cause of peace, as the Nobel Peaceman seems to understand it, did not call for mention of any of the reasons why foreign troops and mercenaries have been in the Congo or any reference to what Adlai Stevenson, the next day in the United Nations, called "the irrational, irresponsible, insulting and repugnant language" used by the representatives of many of the African states, Kenya prominent among them, in defending Gbenye's savages and cannibals. We hope the Rev. King will take time off one day from storming the barricades in order to read Ambassador Stevenson's speech. "The antidote for white racism," he reminded the black racists before him, "is not black racism." He caustically continued: "Mr. President, . . . I have waited in vain to hear one word spoken by those who have brought this complaint

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[against the Belgo-American rescue mission], in condemnation of the taking of hostages and the deliberate liquidation of an intelligentsia." Nor would he have heard that word if sitting in the Rev. King's audiences.

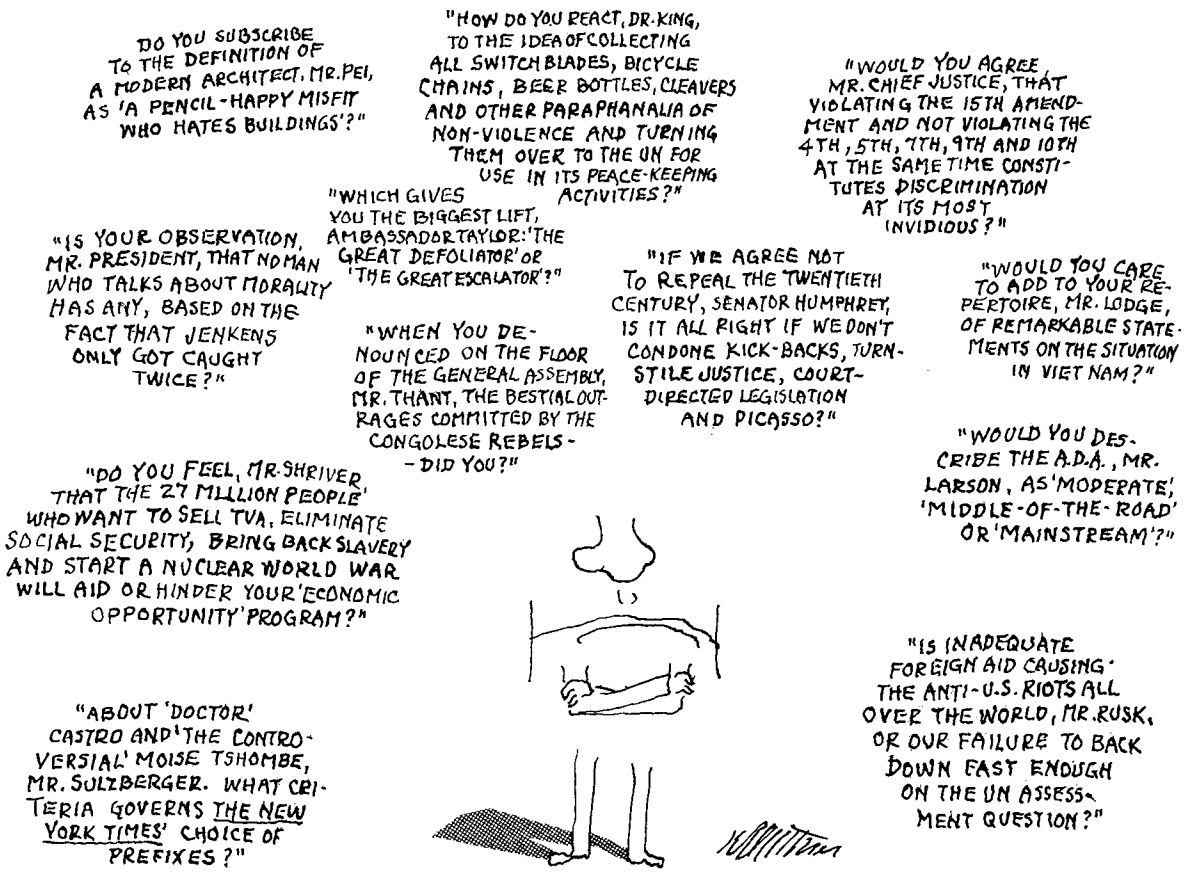
The Mississippi Dilemma

The comings and goings in Mississippi, the jailings and unjailings of the 21 men accused in effect of killing the three civil rights workers, show the strengths and the weaknesses of our judicial system. On the one hand there is due process, and due process is a venerable thing, all right. But on the other hand there is justice. And it is hard to conclude otherwise than that there is no justice in Mississippi, or precious little of it, when white people persecute black people. Granted, the charges against Mississippi are overdrawn. Indeed when they are uttered they sometimes have a ring of genocidal fanaticism to them—we recently heard a sophisticated man say that life in Mississippi is no better for the average Negro than life is for the average Yugoslavian or Pole. But shrink the charges down, and you still have left over a despicable record of indifference to crime and humiliation.

Mr. Byron de la Beckwith is tried in Mississippi for the murder of Medgar Evers. We break from the ritualism—yes, yes, no man is "guilty" unless he is so found by a jury of his peers—and state that on the basis of what knowledge is publicly available of the painstaking case developed by the FBI against Beckwith, we believe that beyond a reasonable doubt the prosecution correctly charged him with killing Medgar Evers. But the trouble is, Beckwith was tried precisely by a jury of his peers; and for that reason he has twice now got off—thanks to hung juries. There are jurors in the South who do not recognize that a crime against a Negro falls under the generic category of "crime." For them, it is an offense to be waived as, say, juries tend to waive the charge against the husband who comes home and shoots the man he finds in bed with his wife.

But what is to be done about it? Are we going to change the Constitution? Many Liberals are raring to go. Yet we are dealing with the same Constitution, with the same guarantees of due process, that the entire Liberal community enthuses over when it results in the release of Communists (Judy

Predictable but Unlikely Interviews


DO YOU SUBSCRIBE TO THE DEFINITION OF A MODERN ARCHITECT, MR. PEI, AS 'A PENCIL-HAPPY MISFIT WHO HATES BUILDINGS'?"
"HOW DO YOU REACT, DR. KING, TO THE IDEA OF COLLECTING ALL SWITCH BLADES, BICYCLE CHAINS, BEER BOTTLES, CLEAVERS AND OTHER PARAPHANALIA OF NON-VIOLENCE AND TURNING THEM OVER TO THE UN FOR USE IN ITS PEACE-KEEPING ACTIVITIES?"
"WOULD YOU AGREE, MR. CHIEF JUSTICE, THAT VIOLATING THE 15TH AMENDMENT AND NOT VIOLATING THE 4TH, 5TH, 7TH, 9TH AND 10TH AT THE SAME TIME CONSTITUTES DISCRIMINATION AT ITS MOST INVIDIOUS?"
"WHICH GIVES YOU THE BIGGEST LIFT, AMBASSADOR TAYLOR: 'THE GREAT DEFOLIATOR' OR 'THE GREAT ESCALATOR'?"
"IS YOUR OBSERVATION, MR. PRESIDENT, THAT NO MAN WHO TALKS ABOUT MORALITY HAS ANY, BASED ON THE FACT THAT JENKENS ONLY GOT CAUGHT TWICE?"
"WHEN YOU DENOUNCED ON THE FLOOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, MR. THANT, THE BESTIAL OUTRAGES COMMITTED BY THE CONGOLESE REBELS - DID YOU?"
"IF WE AGREE NOT TO REPEAL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, SENATOR HUMPHREY, IS IT ALL RIGHT IF WE DON'T CONDONE KICK-BACKS, TURNSTILE JUSTICE, COURT-DIRECTED LEGISLATION AND PICASSO?"
"WOULD YOU CARE TO ADD TO YOUR REPERTOIRE, MR. LODGE, OF REMARKABLE STATEMENTS ON THE SITUATION IN VIET NAM?"
"DO YOU FEEL, MR. SHRIVER, THAT THE 27 MILLION PEOPLE WHO WANT TO SELL TVA, ELIMINATE SOCIAL SECURITY, BRING BACK SLAVERY AND START A NUCLEAR WORLD WAR WILL AID OR HINDER YOUR 'ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITY' PROGRAM?"
"WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THE A.D.A., MR. LARSON, AS 'MODERATE', 'MIDDLE-OF-THE-ROAD' OR 'MAINSTREAM'?"
"ABOUT 'DOCTOR' CASTRO AND 'THE CONTROVERSIAL' MOISE TSHOMBE, MR. SULZBERGER. WHAT CRITERIA GOVERNS THE NEW YORK TIMES' CHOICE OF PREFIXES?"
"IS INADEQUATE FOREIGN AID CAUSING THE ANTI-U.S. RIOTS ALL OVER THE WORLD, MR. RUSK, OR OUR FAILURE TO BACK DOWN FAST ENOUGH ON THE UN ASSESSMENT QUESTION?"

"No comment"

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Coplon—remember?—was just as guilty of her crime as Beckwith is of his); and Earl Warren became even more of a hero when he defended—or, some say, invented—the rights of the rapist Mallory in a famous decision which let him off, scot-free, to rape again.

And now the FBI has developed a case against 21 people, no less, who are allegedly guilty of torturing and killing three men associated with the civil rights movement in Mississippi. The Justice Department tried an end run around the local officials, so that instead of charging the gentlemen with murder —which federal officials have no right to do, that being Mississippi's business—the prosecution charged them with conspiracy to deprive people of their rights, in this case the right of the three civil rights workers to agitate as they pleased. A local official, a Mississippi commissioner, having first executed a warrant for the arrest of the 21, promptly reversed herself on the grounds that the evidence against them was "hearsay," having been presented by an FBI agent who swears he got it from someone who is willing in due course to testify in court. But hark, even if in due course the 21 are arrested, indicted, and convicted, the penalties for violation of the laws in question would be trivial—a few years in jail.

Who will be the first to step forward and suggest that the Constitution be altered? And how precisely would we alter it? What about the proposal kicking around the Left jet set, to send federal troops to Mississippi on the grounds that the state is in effect in a state of rebellion against the republican government which the Federal Government supposedly guarantees to all its citizens? The concept is awful in its implications, especially for those who deeply distrust government's assumption of any great power, let alone counter-revolutionary powers to punish whole peoples. Yet the conscience of the country cries out for action of some sort. If only the channels of communication were open to Mississippi, one could hope that the decent citizens of that state, no doubt an overwhelming majority, would rise to carry out justice themselves. But the trouble is that by its fanatical egalitarianism, by its pseudo-laws, by its abstract moralizings, the Federal Government and the Supreme Court and the moral intelligentsia have made such communication almost impossible. Even citizens of Mississippi who most profoundly abhor the Beckwiths in their midst will not stir to find them out and punish them when they reason that to do so is finally to surrender to Eastern ideologues who have no understanding of the best part of Southern life—the part that caused William Faulkner, on one occasion, to say that he would take up a rifle and shoot at any federal marshal whose presence challenged Mississippi's right to govern itself.

The Giftie Gie Us . . .

To see ourselves as others see us, the foreign press is indispensable. A recent issue of a confidential West German newsletter carries a paraphrase of remarks by former Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss to his close associates after a tour of the Far East.

The failures of American policy, said Strauss, have deeply aggravated the situation. Americans now face greater problems than ever in South Korea, Japan, and Vietnam. As a result, America's European allies should work harder to form an autonomous European Political Union, in order to lighten America's burdens in Europe.

Strauss continued: The atomic bomb in the hands of the Communist Chinese has made a deep impression. All of Asia stands in fear of Peking. De Gaulle's proposal that Southeast Asia be "neutralized" no longer seems relevant. At best it would serve only as a cover for the retreat of the whites. Nowhere is there a spontaneous will for freedom in the European sense, but only a longing of the masses for tranquility and security. But, said Strauss, the friendship of the U.S. no longer means a guarantee of security. South Vietnam is the symbol of that. Even in Japan there is anxiety and concern.

Asian lands, said Strauss, see only two choices: either be an American satellite, or make a deal with Peking. After South Vietnam, the deal with Peking seems like the only solution.

On Taiwan there is bitterness that America ordered Chiang Kai-shek to deliver weapons to Mao Tse-tung, and Mao's comment is remembered: "The imperialists are my transportation corps." Thus the Communist regime in Peking has Washington to thank for its success, after years and years in which certain influential American circles described the Mao forces as "progressive agrarian reformers." Certain men, such as Gen. Wedemeyer, who warned against the simplistic view of the "reformers," were turned out of office.

South Korea (Strauss continued) complains of America's hopeless efforts to bring democracy to a land that has a different idea of freedom. The same goes for South Vietnam. There the Americans destroyed all prospect of stability with their campaign of carping defamation that led to the overthrow of the Diem regime.

Also, many parts of Asia bitterly remember America's incomprehensible policy in West New Guinea, supporting the illegal demands of Sukarno against her own NATO ally, the Netherlands. They remember that until recently America did everything it could to bring Tshombe to his knees. And there are other examples, such as South Africa. Strauss quoted an American friend who said, "America's obligations

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as a world power are being thwarted by this naive progressivist ideology."

In general (Strauss concluded), in the next ten years it will be America's unhappy task to attempt to stage a general retreat without losing face.

Post Mortem

"How Strong Is the Hate Vote?" asked the *Saturday Evening Post* in an issue during the late campaign and proceeded to show that it was very, very strong indeed, particularly among Goldwater conservatives. One piece of evidence was a photograph taken at the San Francisco convention which showed a delegate from Omaha, Mrs. Fritz Craig, standing over George Olhause, the Negro alternate from Omaha, with her fist in the air. The caption proclaimed: "This is an example of a Goldwater supporter looking down with scorn on a Negro who refused to endorse the ticket."

Actually, Olhause was one of the few Negroes to endorse the Goldwater-Miller ticket. Actually, Mr. Olhause and Mrs. Craig are good friends and have been for years. Actually, Olhause was seated because Senator Roman Hruska had asked him to remain seated during any Negro demonstrations for his own sake. Actually, what they were both doing was looking at a demonstration in front of the speaker's platform. And, actually, while we are about it, the photograph had been shadowed so that it looked as if Mrs. Craig was looking down at Olhause.

But when an editor tells a photographer to go out and get a Hate Photo, what's he going to do?

1,000,000 to 1501

The Committee of One Million (Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations) was quick to put into proper perspective the "American public opinion" survey conducted (with a grant by the Ford Foundation) by the Council on Foreign Relations. The gist of the survey is that Americans don't seem to care very much whether or not Red China is admitted to the United Nations. "The Committee of One Million," Mr. Marvin Liebman, Secretary of the Committee shot back, "was founded in 1953 to mobilize and articulate American public opinion against any steps which would build the power and prestige of the Peking regime. This sentiment has been reflected in the 1956, 1960, and 1964 National Platforms of the Democratic and Republican parties. It has been clearly enunciated by four Presidents of the United States and their Secretaries of State. It has been supported by various unanimous resolutions of both Houses of the Congress of the United States. . . . We feel that the above more accurately reflects the true sentiments of the American people than the survey of 1,501 individuals chosen by the Survey Research Center of the University of Michigan which prepared the report for the Council on Foreign Relations. We believe that the CFR has done a disservice in publishing this survey as the 'American public's view' of United States policy toward China. In spite of all the tables and charts and scientific evaluation utilized to justify the results, the survey can only be treated as a sampling of the opinions of 1,501 Americans."

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW extend their deepest sympathy to Mr. Hugh Kenner and his family, on the death of Mrs. Kenner at Charlottesville, on December 9, from cancer. Mr. Kenner will leave the University of Virginia in January and return to the University of California, in Santa Barbara.

Two Birthdays

A reader writes to remark the interesting contrast between the ubiquitous fuss over the 80th birthday of Mr. Norman Thomas, and the great public silence that greeted the 70th birthday of Mr. Henry Hazlitt. A very good point, illustrative of the rewards that go with playing the *Zeitgeist*, and the disadvantages of resisting the spirit of the age. Mr. Thomas' career, and Mr. Hazlitt's, are comparable—both are excellent publicists for their point of view, Mr. Thomas stressing political action, Mr. Hazlitt stressing thought and analysis. Mr. Thomas did run for President most of the time during the twenties and thirties, and on at least one occasion had a tomato thrown at him —and that is always good, the kind of thing that rouses the troops at celebration-time. Mr. Hazlitt never ran for President, but has written a number of distinguished books, once served as a literary editor of the *Nation*, turned to economics in the thirties, and has worked prodigiously to diffuse basic economic knowledge, and to expose and protest the dangerous nostrums of such as Mr. Norman Thomas.

Mr. Hazlitt did receive a tribute from a resplendent gathering of conservatives who came together to celebrate his birthday at a banquet in New York City, at which such economic luminaries as Ludwig von Mises, Milton Friedman and Karl Brandt delivered personal tributes: but it was a closed affair, of no interest to the general press or, one assumes, the general public, notwithstanding the continuing sale of Mr. Hazlitt's classic *Economics in One Lesson* in every country in the civilized world, and in not a few

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in the uncivilized world. On this occasion he spoke movingly about the difficulties of turning the tide. By rough count, he calculated that he has written ten thousand editorials, speeches, articles, books in the course of his public career, but that even so, economic ignorance continues to advance upon us.

Meanwhile Mr. Thomas, whose good faith no one questions, grows old in a world that has welcomed and institutionalized the views and positions he fought so ardently for: and there is less freedom than there was when he began, and those nations continue to live in squalor—India is a prime example—that have adopted the dogmatic socialist policies he has backed. We mean him no personal dishonor when we observe, sadly, that the advances of the ideology he has fought for are a tribute to the wrongheadedness of our age. And we mean no disrespect to Mr. Hazlitt when we decline to share his pessimism about the value of his own contributions to what understanding there still is of freedom and the place of the individual. So to them both, a happy birthday: and let us work in the hope that by the time Mr. Hazlitt is 80, the world will find itself in full flight from the enervating myths Mr. Thomas has done so much to popularize.

Asian Freedom Fighters

If a conference of neutralist and pro-Communist Asians from a score of countries had convened in, say, Jakarta late in November, to call for an accommodation with Red China and its immediate seating in the UN, you may be sure that the affair would have received the breathless attention of the world's press. And if the national delegations had been led by really substantial political figures from the various countries represented, it is likely that American policy in the area would have been materially affected.

Yet the odds are a thousand to one that you have *not* heard of the meeting of the Asian Peoples' Anti-Communist League which opened in Taipei, Formosa on November 23. Delegations were there from every Asiatic country not already far gone along the road to Communist domination. And heading the delegations were political figures of the first rank: Nobusuke Kishi of Japan, former premier and elder brother of Premier Eisaku Sato; Doo Sun Choi, former premier of South Korea; Cornelio Villareal, Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Philippines; Dahyabhai V. Patel, Swatantra Party (*i.e.*, opposition) whip in the upper chamber of the Indian Parliament; Ku Cheng-kang, Secretary General of the National Assembly of the Republic of China (Formosa); Alfred Naccache, ex-President of Lebanon; MPs from both Australia and New Zealand; an Iranian senator; the governor of the Province of Amman, Jordan—to name only a few.

And what were these men saying?—"Yankee go home"? On the contrary, they promptly and vociferously called for a strengthened resistance to Red China's aggressions in Southeast Asia and elsewhere, for the unleashing of the Chinese nationalist armies against the mainland, and for steadfast opposition to Communist China's admission to the UN. They did so, moreover, not in any spirit of servility to American policy, but with a lively appreciation of the degree to which the freedom of their own countries depends on chaining the Red Chinese colossus.

Symbolizing the spirit and determination of the Asian foes of Communism is the Freedom Center of the APACL, dedicated at Seoul, Korea, early in December. Here a Training Institute will turn out anti-Communist cadres to compete with the Communists in political doctrine, strategy and tactics, and economic and social affairs, while a Research Institute conducts analyses of Communism's essential nature. The vast majority of the funds needed for the Center were contributed by the government and people of Korea.

Over the meeting in Taipei hovered the spectre of the atom bomb exploded by the Chinese Communist regime at Lop Nor in October. Time is running out, warned Chiang Kai-shek (a trim and clear-eyed 77) as he addressed the delegates. It will be a number of years before Red China has a deliverable nuclear capacity, and until then it can still be successfully challenged on the soil of China. After that, it may be too late—for China, for all Asia, and for a heedless world.

Xmas Song of 90 Industrialists

Jolly old St. Nicholas,
  Lean your ear this way.
(Don't you tell a single soul
  What we're gonna say!)
We are 90 businessmen
  Off to Muscovy;
Here's a little list for you—
  Cash, or COD.
GE wants to build a dam;
  Ford, an auto works.
Sperry's electronics can
  Help detect the Turks.
In the Middle West, a firm's
  Dying to sell wheat;
Westinghouse is pushing a
  Factory, complete.
Really, what's the difference?
  Czar or Commissar?
All we need to swing it is
  Moxie and PR.

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The Third World War

Goldwater in the European Mirror

JAMES BURNHAM

It is true, as so often reported, that public opinion in western Europe was anti-Goldwater. In Spain and West Germany an occasional pro-Goldwater comment broke surface, but even there the anti-Goldwater tide was running; elsewhere it was overwhelming. Not only leftists were against Goldwater—and they of course were, to the man. Most conservative Europeans, also, were anti-Goldwater, including many hard anti-Communists and even *laissez-faire* "liberals" (European style) whom one might have expected to welcome Goldwater as comrade. I read before the election, and heard while in Europe just after it, about the usual garage mechanics, farmers and taxi-drivers who were allegedly for Goldwater; but whether they existed there is no way of knowing, and in any case these often-cited authorities have no significant role in forming public opinion.

Why this nearly universal negation? In what they wrote or said about their attitude, Europeans usually gave one or more of three reasons, the first two familiar on the home front.

First, that Goldwater is intellectually irresponsible, and a crackpot. This opinion was reinforced by the incomplete and distorted portrait of Goldwater presented by the American correspondents, almost all leftist, of the European press. Still, even if the portrait had been accurate, this would probably have been the European view. Europeans took as a sign of intellectual irresponsibility Goldwater's habit of throwing out a rather startling proposal—defoliating Vietnam jungles, breaking relations with Moscow, starting a fixed annual tax cut—and then either dropping or reversing it. Moreover, to nearly all Europeans, the rhetoric and ideas of strict *laissez-faire* economics, both of which enter into Goldwater's discourse, seem *prima facie* crackpot nowadays.

Second, that Goldwater is something of a warmonger, whose finger would be unsafe near the nuclear trigger. Europeans — squeezed more or less helplessly between the nuclear giants—were affected more than the American public by this standard charge.

Third, that the Goldwater movement, or some sections of the Goldwater movement, is potentially fascist. This opinion was less widespread than the other two, and not much written about. Nevertheless, it is held by a number of serious persons in Europe—including some of the anti-Communist exiles from eastern Europe. They dismiss the constitutionalist, limited-government, *laissez-faire* rhetoric of Goldwater doctrine as of no real political significance, and believe that the Goldwater movement must be understood in terms of racist, nationalist and corporatist sentiments which it expresses and organizes, and to which it—successfully—appeals.

One should add that admiration for Lyndon Johnson was *not*, for Europeans, a further argument inclining them against Goldwater. Lyndon Johnson was unknown in Europe, a nothing so far as European opinion was concerned. The European position on our election rested solely on an opinion about Goldwater; his opponent could just as well have been Mr. X.

Behind the Words

If we reflect on this European account, here summarized, of the European attitude toward our election, it is not convincing. Rationally considered, the evidence concerning Goldwater would not sufficiently motivate the extent and depth of the European opposition to him. There must be additional motives that do not get explicit recognition.

One of these is the same factor that was of great influence also in this country: a fear of *any* sort of major change, together with the belief that Goldwater's election would in fact bring a major change, though no one knew exactly what that change would be. We're getting by well enough. Why take a chance? If there are evils along with the blessings, better stick with those evils we know than fly to others we know not of.

But in Europe there was also, I think, a second hidden and powerful factor. For Europeans, "anti-Goldwaterism" served as a respectable form of anti-Americanism. Even our best European friends suffer from anti-Americanism, for good reasons and bad. Inevitably Europeans resent Europe's military dependence on America, proved by two great wars as well as by present nuclear facts. They resent both our wealth and our crassness about it. They cannot bear our national self-righteousness in foreign affairs, especially when we self-righteously sacrifice European interests. They see us moving into many of their former colonial bailiwicks from which we have helped oust them. They resent the crudity with which we offend European sensibility. They see "Americanization" (mass production, Hollywood, autos, appliances) wrecking "the European way of life"—and this is what the intellectuals hate most of all (while not hesitating to exploit many of its fruits).

Americans Are American

But in giving due vent to their anti-Americanism, most Europeans are normally inhibited by unwillingness to comfort the Communists as well as by a rational awareness that more unites than divides the Atlantic community. So the candidacy of Goldwater was heaven-sent. It gave all Europeans a chance to work off accumulated stocks of anti-Americanism. His opponent had the consequent benefit of a temporary immunity. Now that poor Barry Goldwater is no longer there to draw the fire, Lyndon Johnson will soon find himself the target. The increasingly nasty European cartoons of LBJ as a caricaturized Texan indicate some European guns are already zeroed in. It is always disconcerting for Americans to discover that, to non-Americans—even those scoundrels at the other end of the domestic spectrum — Americans look pretty much alike.

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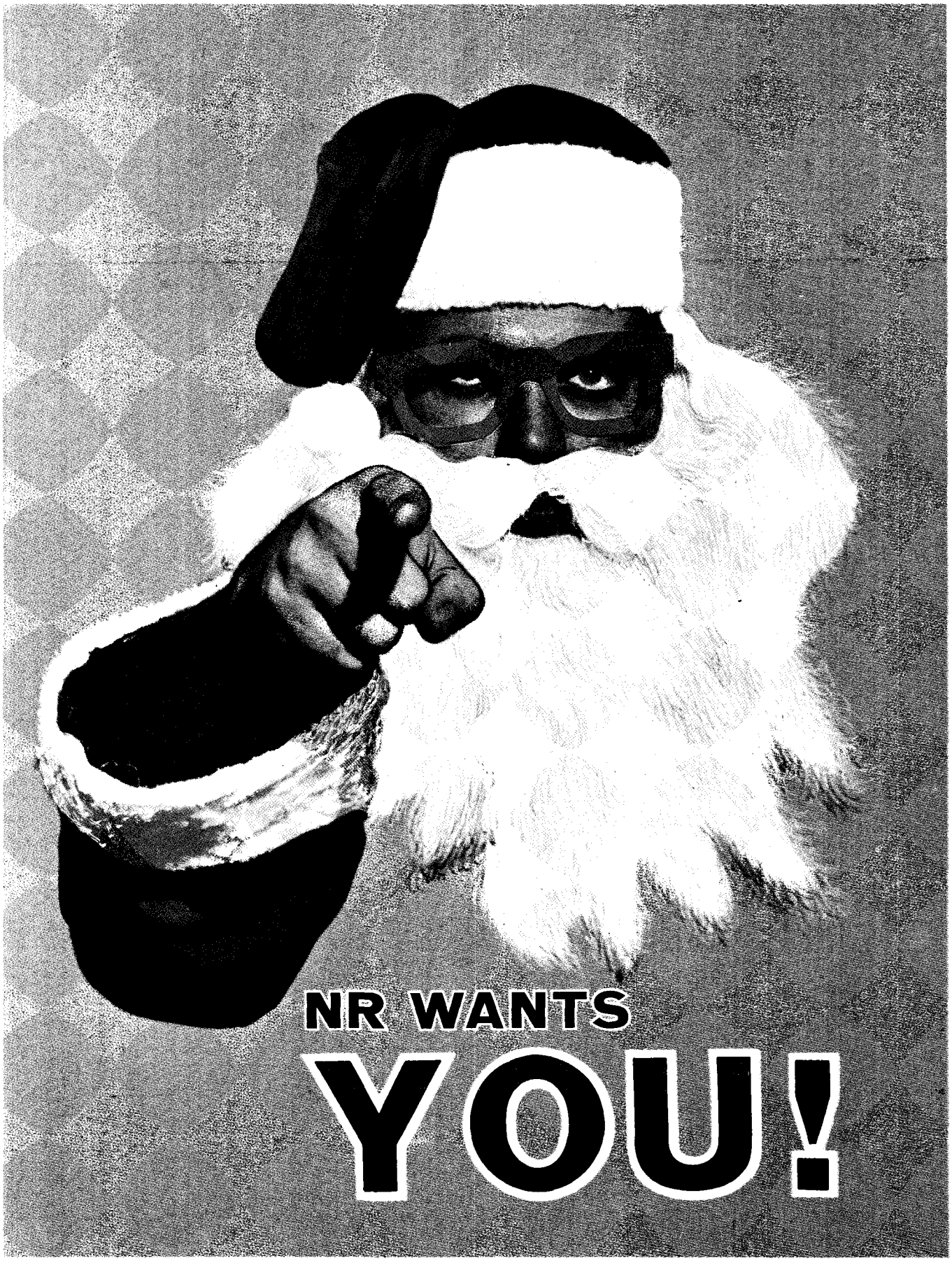

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From WASHINGTON Straight

Bobbybaking on the Potomac

► The Senate Rules Committee investigation into the Bobby Baker case continues in spite of itself. Testimony taken from witnesses early this month sufficiently titillated press and public to insure a resumption of the hearings in January.

First came brawny, silver-haired Matthew McCloskey, a long-time Democratic wheelhorse who has made a fortune, much of it from government building contracts. He was asked to explain the $36,000 "overpayment" his company had made to insurance agent Don Reynolds for writing the performance bond on McCloskey's $14 million D.C. Stadium contract. (Reynolds had testified earlier that the "overpayment" was kicked back through Baker to be used for certain Democratic candidates in the 1960 campaign, among them Vice Presidential nominee Lyndon Johnson. Reynolds said he had taken $10,000 for his services as "bag man.") McCloskey, sweating under the hot television lights, explained with a straight face that "someone in our place goofed." Incredible as his testimony was—that his company had paid Reynolds $110,000 instead of $74,000 by mistake, and that this mistake had gone unnoticed until Sen. John Williams (R., Del.) had called attention to it—it was accepted without question by the Committee.

William McLeod, former chief clerk of the House District of Columbia Committee, which usually figures prominently in the awarding of D.C. contracts, testified freely, to the surprise of some. To McCloskey's dismay, McLeod admitted that he had received $1,500 of the "overpayment" from Reynolds. McLeod denied that the payment was connected with the contract for the Stadium. It was more in the nature of "a gift," he said.

Myron (Mickey) Weiner, a lobbyist of some reputation for certain shipping interests, followed McCloskey, and was good for a few laughs too. Yes, he had paid Baker $5,000 in legal fees, but not for anything to do with legislative business. Just as a retainer, actually. Why, then, had he spent so much time in Baker's Capitol Hill office? Because it was a "very convenient place to go." (Laughter. Exit Weiner.)

Coincidences

► Maywood Boggs, vice president of the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders, Forgers and Helpers, lasted a little longer. He testified that at Baker's suggestion he had bought $2,300 worth of stock in the wildly successful Mortgage Guarantee Insurance Co. (MAGIC) in 1959. About a year later, he said, he sold it back to Baker for $4,600, a tidy 100 per cent profit. Was Boggs aware, the Committee asked, that the MAGIC stock was worth approximately $32,000 on the market at the time of the resale to Baker? Boggs certainly was not aware of the stock's market value; his action had been "utter stupidity," he confessed, visibly pained by the reminder of his folly. But was it not at the same time, ventured the Committee, that the union which Boggs represented was seeking approval from the Federal Housing Authority for the financing of a home for retired union members in Pascagoula, Mississippi? "Quite a coincidence," volunteered Boggs cheerfully. A spokesman for the FHA later testified that Baker had not intervened in any way for the union. Under questioning, he admitted that the 194-unit retirement home had been insured by the FHA for $2.5 million, had never been occupied, and was being foreclosed. Why had there been no occupants? the Committee wanted to know. "Maybe the retirees of this union just don't want to live in Pascagoula," said the man from FHA.

The Committee has agreed to call former White House aide Walter Jenkins as soon as he is declared fit to testify by his physician. (Jenkins' affidavit to the Committee earlier this year directly conflicts with Reynolds' testimony on the alleged kickback Reynolds says he was forced to make on a life insurance policy issued to Lyndon Johnson.) It is generally agreed that the Committee selected the least explosive area of inquiry in calling Jenkins; public sympathy for the man and his family may nullify the effects of his testimony.

Standing in the way of the whitewash the Democratically-controlled Committee would like is Don Reynolds, whom chief counsel Lennox McLendon pursued with undisguised diligence and did his very best to discredit. If Reynolds is telling the truth, McCloskey, Jenkins, Washington man-around-town Fred Black and others are not—and possible perjury indictments are in the making. McLendon is a well-meaning country lawyer who doesn't want to hurt anybody—precisely the wrong man for this tremendously complex job. He is easily deflected from the essential question, and is rendered ineffectual by any unexpected turn in the interrogation. He is backed by Committee chairman Sen. Everett Jordan (D., N.C.), who seems equally leery of hurting anyone.

Where To?

► In the longer run, more information may be uncovered by Sen. John Williams' personal investigation than by Sen. Jordan's Committee. Williams left the Rules Committee when McLendon called him a liar, but promised to report to the public anything the Committee left unsaid. He is serious. And hopping mad, not only for the personal insults tossed off by McLendon, but also for the ruthless way the Administration went after him in his recent re-election campaign. A Senate aide recently called Williams to ask if he would like to change his office suite in accordance with his new seniority. He replied: "Call me in six years. I'm going to be too busy to move." If the chips fall where they may, and John Williams wants it that way, somebody is going to get hurt—maybe even a prominent Democratic senator, or two.

CATO

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ON THE RIGHT

Bipartisan Proposal?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

I was recently in a conversation with Mr. Steve Allen, among whose significant accomplishments is his genius as an entertainer, among whose lesser achievements is his friendship with me. Mr. Allen is among other things prominently connected with a number of left-wing causes. He is for instance co-chairman of the Committee For a Sane Nuclear Policy which has, according to the judgment of at least one of Mr. Allen's friends, done about as much as any other organization in America to damage America's moral and psychological capacity to comprehend the Bomb as an instrument for peace and justice. But never mind that. I put to Mr. Allen a week ago a concrete proposal, and was gratified to have an answer which he gave me permission to publish. Namely, that he would join me in approving a nuclear strike by our Strategic Air Command against the nuclear installations in Red China which have recently ground out an atomic bomb.

Buckley

The reasoning is as follows: Red China now has the atom bomb. She does not yet have an effective delivery system; but soon will within, at least, a limited radius. A limited radius, however, comprehends, according to the estimate of the military expert Mr. Hanson Baldwin, roughly speaking all of Asia. The question before the house is whether we are morally entitled, and strategically compelled, to abort that threat while there is yet time. We cannot forever prevent Red China from manufacturing the Bomb. But we could significantly delay her doing so by the simple expedient of bombing her nuclear facilities, whose location we know exactly; now, at this moment. The proposal is to give a two-hour notice to the Red Chinese that we intend to destroy these facilities, and so give the civilian, military, and scientific population a chance to evacuate the plants: which then we would proceed, pure and simple, to blow up.

World opinion! Ah, how torn it would be. And how significant that Mr. Steve Allen declares himself in favor of such a deed. For years and years the anti-Bomb groups have asked that we devise some creative means to control that dread instrument of universal death. What better idea has come along than that we should remove it, at virtually no cost in human life, from the most aggressive power on earth, Red China? What would the pacifists in Japan, and Burma, and Thailand, and Cambodia, be left to stutter after such an act? Could they say that ours was an act of aggression? Not convincingly—if the strike's sole purpose were to eliminate the Bomb.

What could the pacifists persuasively say in protest? What actually is the difference between bombing nuclear facilities, and throwing nuclear bombs into the sea, the end they constantly dream of? Those of them who contend that to do any such thing would be in effect to declare war on the Communist bloc can be dismissed as frightened incompetents: who would rise to declare effective war against the United States after such a peace-making mission? Certainly the Soviet Union could be expected to trot through its litany of protests. But actually, the Soviet Union, considering the state of tensions between it and Red China, would be profoundly relieved. But even if as a matter of pride the Russians were to feel aggrieved, it is inconceivable that their pride would demand a nuclear retaliation against the United States. The Soviet Union is not disposed to commit national suicide—which would be the instant result of any threat against the United States—in order to permit her principal rival in the Communist world to maintain its nuclear arsenal.

Hope for Asia

And what, in positive terms, would we have accomplished? A stunning breath of hope for the entire non-Communist Asian world, which would have for the first time in many years concrete evidence that the United States is prepared to act decisively, dramatically to help its friends. The arming of Red China by nuclear missiles is a remote threat to the United States. But it is a very immediate threat to Asia. The destruction of the Chinese bomb would signify not merely the elimination of the decisive weapon now in the hands of the enemy, but a clear indication that there is yet life in that inert giant in the West, which prattles about its concern for the freedom of others, but tends to stammer in indecision every time the question actually arises whether concrete action will be forthcoming to redeem that pledge.

I reiterate my belief that President Johnson is a man who seeks greatness, and is not likely to find it merely by practicing his arpeggios as a virtuoso political manipulator. History, whose good favor he so earnestly solicits, will drily and unexcitedly remark his political skills. But history will not stop suddenly to notice an incandescent figure on the American political scene unless he rouses himself to act bravely and courageously on a matter of great international moment. Here is such an opportunity. History aches for such an act of greatness.

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Letter from London

Sharp Left for Britain

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Writing, just after the British General Election, about the probable consequences of Mr. Wilson's hair-breadth victory, I took a fairly optimistic view; I thought that his tiny majority and the possibility of another election before long, would restrain him from wreaking a great deal of socialist havoc.

It was a reasonable hope, but I have already been proved wrong, entirely wrong.

There is, of course, no legal or constitutional barrier to prevent Mr. Wilson's government from doing whatever it likes. The strange democratic heresy that fifty-per-cent-plus-one bestows absolute power is carried to extremes in a situation like this. The Labor Party did not win even fifty per cent of the popular vote, but because it controls just over half the Members of Parliament, it can turn the whole fabric of society upside down, destroy whatsoever institutions displease it and ruin Britain's reputation in the world. If Mr. Wilson cares to interpret his mandate in that way, a small majority is as good as a large one; until the next election, socialism is unstoppable.

But so small a majority is undoubtedly inconvenient. Mr. Wilson has made it clear that he won't resign merely because of an accidental defeat in the Commons, but we have already been treated to the undignified spectacle of sick Members of Parliament being dragged from their beds to vote. Obviously Mr. Wilson, however bold his utterances, must keep the prospect of another election always in mind.

Two alternative strategies were open to him. On the one hand, to proceed with studious moderation, building himself up as a non-doctrinaire statesman, soothing the fears of the middle classes, and thus consolidating the hesitant new support from which he benefited last time and which he needs not only to retain but to increase. The other possible strategy was to go full out for Socialism, deliberately provoking the fury of his opponents, stimulating the zeal of his supporters, and hoping to sweep the uncommitted voters along on the exhilarating radical tide.

He has chosen the latter course, for which he is temperamentally better suited.

He began by appointing the largest administration in British history. Into it went veteran agitators, trade union leaders, unilateral nuclear disarmers and, as economic advisers, two baneful Hungarians of quasi-Marxist persuasion, Nicholas Kaldor and Thomas Balogh. He created absurd new Ministries—"of Leisure," for example, and "of Disarmament." Restrictions, agreed between the Parties only a few years ago, on the number of Ministers allowed to sit in the Commons were tossed aside as troublesome relics. Mr. Wilson has in him the real stuff of a left-wing dictator.

Then began what, in imitation of President Kennedy, he called his Hundred Days. After about twenty-seven of them, one newspaper's financial page was headed "A Hundred Days of Hell"; which, for the business community at least, was scarcely an exaggeration.

The first effects of Britain's Labor Government, however, were felt abroad. Joint exercises with the Spanish fleet were promptly cancelled. Sensational threats were leveled at the white Rhodesians. All Europe, and particularly Britain's closest trade partners, exploded with anger at the overnight erection, without warning and in flagrant breach of existing agreements, of a crude 15 per cent tariff barrier. The French were indignant too at the breach of another agreement—to build the Concorde supersonic airliner.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wilson got to work on his domestic policy. His first speech in the Commons was so intolerably rude that it reduced the House to uproar: his first appearance on television was calculated to exacerbate class hatred.

Hastily his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. James Callaghan (whose economic illiteracy must render him very vulnerable to Mr. Kaldor and Dr. Balogh), introduced a special Budget, imposing higher income tax, an increased tax on gasoline and larger social security contributions; all this in spite of denials during the election campaign that a Labor Government would mean higher taxes.

To please the trade unions, Mr. Wilson's Minister of Labor promised to legalize the enforcement of the closed shop, and Mr. Callaghan announced that in his next Budget he would introduce a new Corporation Tax and a heavier Capital Gains Tax, and there would be some sort of dividend limitation. Nationalization of steel and building land are still on the agenda.

As the Hundred Days wore on, almost every day produced a new threat, or a new prohibition, and multiplying uncertainties.

Is Mr. Wilson's aggressive strategy paying off? I really don't know. Responsible economic opinion is appalled. The City of London is sunk in gloom. Conservatives writhe in frustrated anger. But Mr. Wilson, of course, cares for none of these things. What matters to him is that the vital floating voters, the woolly center, should be caught up in the excitement of his socialist crusade.

And perhaps they are. Perhaps the years of leftist indoctrination have worked. Perhaps we have simply passed the point of no return in the development of the Welfare State; so that most people, being no longer capable of independence, really are more interested in guaranteed benefits than in keeping anything but pocket money from their incomes.

We shall see—in six months, or a year, or eighteen months, whenever Mr. Wilson decides that an election would be likely to increase his majority. The timing will be his; unless, or course, some accident of chance or a major disaster forces his hand. Both his strategy and his policies are a conscious gamble.

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Principles and Heresies

Conservative Strategy Now

FRANK S. MEYER

I AM IN thorough agreement with those who maintain that it is a prime conservative task now to develop the conservative program in depth and over the entire range of issues that affect the American people. There are dangers, however, lurking in this unexceptionable proposition — and some of them are already becoming evident.

Meyer

For the health of the conservative movement, a great deal depends upon how this proposition is interpreted and implemented. As long as the endeavor is inspired by the desire to make basic conservative doctrine more understandable in terms of the actual problems of Americans today and to concentrate on those issues which are most clearly demonstrable and urgent to the voter, nothing but good can come of it. But if "closing the gap between conservative doctrine and the voter" becomes another sleazy "me too" device to adjust conservative doctrine to Liberal practice, the idea—excellent in itself—could have the effect of destroying the responsible conservative movement and handing over to irresponsible and ignorantist demagogy the leadership of the opposition to Liberalism.

SO FAR AS political action is concerned, there are two essential foundations of any conservative program worthy of the name: in our domestic affairs, the vindication of limited constitutional government for the restoration and preservation of the full liberty of the individual citizen; and, in our relations with the world around us, determined resistance to the assault of international Communism. Both of these positions can be developed in terms much more compelling and convincing than have yet been worked out; but neither can be compromised.

In the first place, to compromise them would be morally wrong; it would mean the surrender of principles that are the very reason for the existence of the conservative movement. Further, it would not even achieve its opportunist aim; it would mean giving up leadership over the 26 million who voted for Goldwater and the millions more whose disquietude with Liberalism needs only translation into understandable terms to turn that 26 million into a majority.

The issue boils down to a simple alternative: are we going to develop and strengthen the conservative position by spelling out its meaning in clear practical terms, or is the word "practical" going to be made an excuse for diluting conservative principle? The dramatic success of Ronald Reagan's broadcast is both evidence that it is possible to make conservative principle understandable and an example of a way of doing it. Mr. Reagan did not soften his indictment of the Liberal way of life. He did not attempt to accommodate himself to the prevailing shibboleths concerning what is true and good and beautiful, even on the vexed issue of social security. Rather, if anything, he toughened the conservative position, but he toughened it with a concrete analysis and a living presentation of the true realities that underlie the Liberal surface.

His is, of course, not the only mode of approach that is necessary. Principle, program and presentation are politically mutually interdependent. It is essential to continue to expound the fundamental principles of conservatism. They are the ground on which conservative action is based, and without them as a ground the force of the conservative challenge is dissipated. And, as a connecting link between fundamental principle and the Reagan-type of mass appeal, a third activity is necessary: a serious and painstaking development of articulated and viable programs across the entire spectrum of issues that confront the country. Without such programs the principles remain abstract, dry, rather empty; without them the liveliest mass appeal will become either opportunist or demagogic—or both.

All three modes are equally vital to the victory of conservatism. To downgrade one or another of them as secondary or unnecesary is a harmful error too frequently committed, particularly when one or another mode has been neglected. It is one thing to insist on remedying such neglect, but it is self-defeating to try to overcome one form of neglect by encouraging another.

The statement of sharp conservative principle which obviously demands deep-going change in the existing situation can sound like irresponsible radicalism if it is not backed up by a sober and conservatively restrained program of gradual, phased transformation. It was this lack of proposals for programmatic implementation of basic principles that made it posible to convince large segments of the voters in the recent election that Goldwater's victory would mean radical and chaotic disorganization of their lives.

THERE IS something in politics analogous to the admonition against gaining the whole world at the cost of one's own soul. There is need for the kind of program and presentation which will make it clear that conservative opposition to the unlimited state would not mean the cutting off of every social security check on January 21, or that the conservative policy of resistance to Communism would not mean the instigation of nuclear war. But, on the other hand, conservatives cannot, in the interest of mass appeal, turn their backs on the harsh realities of the contemporary world and base their programs on any version of coexistence. Nor can they accommodate themselves to the nostrums of Keynesian economics and its concomitant pandering to mass greed.

The rethinking and reformulation of the conservative program must be based not upon dilution but upon strengthening of fundamental conservative doctrine.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Aid to Church-Connected Schools?

Parochial and private schools have hard sledding nowadays, though all this century they have been increasing in number and in proportion of the nation's pupils they educate. Tremendous local and state taxation to support public schools strike at their sources of tuition and endowment, while federal income tax diverts to Washington much money that once was spent privately or locally. Any direct federal grants to public schools, let alone parochial and private schools, now appear highly improbable. Propaganda for "federal aid" appeared as special pleading in most social studies textbooks for high schools, until recently; but in this year's editions, these exhortations are absent or modified. The NEA, in fine, knows it cannot win federal subsidies at present, particularly since the case for such grants (fairly strong at the end of the Second World War) has grown weaker as hundreds of thousands of new classrooms have been built in recent years. And the NEA has made it clear, repeatedly, that the professional educationists would rather have no federal aid at all than have to divide subsidies with parochial schools.

Kirk

But the Administration and certain members of Congress are talking about *indirect* aid to schools. This might take either of two forms. The first suggested is a turning back of billions of dollars from the federal treasury to the several states, which presumably would use much of this largesse to support their public schools. The second possibility is a federal rebate to individual parents of schoolchildren, which money they would be expected to pay into the coffers of what schools, public or private, their children attend; this might be accomplished either through tax deductions or through direct payment from Washington.

Though these devices would escape the charge of establishing federal control over the educational system, neither proposal stands much chance of endorsement by Congress in 1965. There exist good reasons why state and local authorities, and the trustees of parochial and private schools, should look these gift-horses in the mouth. Such federal rebates could be discontinued upon the whim of Congress, at any time, leaving the schools (which meanwhile would have relaxed their effort to secure sufficient money from their present sources) impoverished. A heavy deficit—and deficit years are far more common in Washington than are surplus years—could terminate with dreadful abruptness this flow of cash. And there remains the danger that the Washington piper might aspire to call the educational tune, whether the Washington subsidy should be direct or indirect.

Still, parochial and private schools, in justice, deserve relief or help of some sort. Catholic, Lutheran, Episcopalian, Dutch and Christian Reformed, and other church-connected schools, plus the private proprietary schools, soon will be educating about one-fifth of all pupils in the country. The parents of these children pay two school bills: one through the public treasuries, the other as donations or tuition fees to their own schools. In Britain, Canada, and some other countries, satisfactory means have been found to diminish this inequity by public subsidy to parochial schools. Can nothing be done in America?

It is awkward to filter the money through Washington, and few people relish the possibility of putting all schools, public and private, under the Deweyite thumb of the Office of Education. Cannot we devise some relief consonant with the American principle of "territorial democracy"?

To this writer, the better—though not the speedier—approach is through the amendment of state and local, rather than federal, provisions for school financing. The principal basis of school taxation, in nearly every state, remains the school district property tax. If parents who send their offspring to non-public schools were permitted a reduction of their local schools taxes by fifty per cent, say—or were issued warrants for that sum, payable to the school of their choice—the difficulties of parochial and private schools would be nearly overcome.

Nearly all state governments now supplement local school revenues by state grants, sometimes a fixed proportion of state sales-tax revenues, or otherwise earmarked. In many states, it might be possible to allocate partial subsidies to parents or to parochial and private schools.

Such action would require that fifty bills be passed in the state legislatures, rather than one bill in Washington. But this, after all, is the American system of government, education being primarily the function of state, local, and private agencies. And in not a few states the prospect for such reform is fairer than for Congressional action.

At the federal level, relief could be afforded to the parents of young people in church-connected and private universities and colleges, under the provisions of bills sponsored, in recent years, by Senators Goldwater and Ribicoff. (Senator Ribicoff's bill very nearly was passed by the late Congress.) Income-tax deductions would be allowed to such parents, to the great benefit of universities and colleges generally, and especially to those institutions at which tuition charges bear some reasonable relation to the cost of instruction.

Governor Rockefeller has argued, for instance, that Washington should relinquish to the state treasuries the taxation of telephone companies. In such measures, rather than in direct or indirect federal subsidy, seems to lie our salvation from the clutch of political centralization — which concentration, as even Mrs. Agnes Meyer has declared, is particularly dangerous where schools are concerned.

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Politics and Mortal Sin

A simple instructive course in how, if you happen to have ten children, to raise them all as God-fearing, parent-honoring Goldwater Republicans

ALOISE B. HEATH

Every year about this time a dear man to whom I am closely related by marriage (and to whom procrastination, needless to say, is not a pressing personal problem) composes his annual list of seventy-five or eighty New Year's resolutions which, if I only stick *to* them this time. . . . The truth is that if I only stick to them this time, I assure you, I will be dead by May. ("There was nothing I could do," Dr. Nichols will tell my grieving family. "She simply lacked the will to live.")

Ben doesn't believe I would be dead by May. Well . . . good heavens, I *trust* he doesn't! No, of course he doesn't: What he thinks is that I'll be perfect by May if I would, just for once, cut out all those silly political meetings at night so that I would joyously jump out of bed at 6:45 every morning and, all aglow from my isometric exercises and my hot and cold shower and my decent-breakfast-for-a-change, *drive* the children to school instead of spending a lot of money I don't have on the school bus. Also cut out all those silly political phone calls that keep me glued to a chair twelve hours a day instead of keeping the children's rooms and drawers and shelves and closets and desks and toy chests tidy so as to teach them neatness by example if I can't do it any other way and stop spending a lot of money I don't have buying a child new undershirts because the storage room is in such a mess I can't find the undershirts the next child up outgrew last spring. Also cut out subscribing to all those silly political publications that do nothing but make a shambles out of my desk, and stop donating a lot of money I don't have to any two-bit political outfit that asks me to; and *then* when I go hog wild over birthdays and Christmas at least I'd have a little cash to do it with. Also, cut out all those silly political talks I'm everlastingly having with some child who should have been in bed hours ago, instead of supervising his practicing and checking his homework for that extensive education I am spending a lot of money I don't have for. And solemnly resolve to cut out all that political stuff once and for all and pay some attention to my family for a change.

Now that's Ben's idea of the perfect woman, nobly planned. My own is on a vastly higher, more spiritual scale, and far, far more reachable, which is just as well, because it is even more emetic. Some day, though, I *will* have a fling at becoming a perfect woman, nobly planned, which, the way I dope it out, means spending absolute hours making love your whole existence, and keeping silent in the churches, and weeping while men work, and trying to be a better smoke than a good cigar and constantly widening the gap between

your price and rubies', and being good and letting who will be clever, and while your babes around you cling showing Wordsworth how divine a thing a woman may be made.

In my case, though, it will have to be while my grandbabes around me cling, because right now, and for the next fourteen and a quarter years, I'm going to be too busy.

What's taking all my time right now is nobly planning my children. As a matter of fact it's a Thirty-Year Noble Plan and I am roughly fifteen and three-quarter years along on it. (Thirty is not an arbitrary figure, by the way: it's the time it takes ten children to get from kindergarten to college if the last was born fourteen years after the first.) The object of my Thirty-Year Plan is to teach all the children exactly What to Think, and if they can't, to ask their dear Mother, who does.

Kindergarten to College

Call me a flawed woman, vulgarly planned, but call me not a lazy F.W., V.P.—or at least not until you have meditated awhile on the exigencies of teaching anything, let alone What to Think to ten children who include both a college freshman with sensory perception (it's not so much what the guy *says;* it's what he *exudes.* You know that ACLU-SANE Nuclear Policy miasma? Maple flavored?) and a kindergartener of unshakeable opinion (what we can't shake in Janet is her firm opinion announced thirty seconds after she heard of the President's assassination last year that Senator Goldwater shot him. "Janet, you *mustn't* say that!" her horrified older brothers and sisters exclaim when the subject comes up from time to time. "I won't. I won't tell anyone," she reassures them. "Shall it be our two's secret?" What I think is that for forty-nine months of age the child showed an extraordinarily astute nose for politics).

I started my little educational program when I was the unsophisticated young mother of a lone kindergartener along about the time the pterodactyls were thinning out. Jim came home from school one day and self-consciously handed me a sheet of paper scratched up with a brown and

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a red crayon. "Look at my beautiful cow," he said with a syrupy smile. We stared at each other, wide-eyed, across the paper, each knowing that the other knew perfectly well that Jim didn't for one moment think that was a picture of a cow; he thought it was what it was, a bunch of scribble-scrabble in brown and red.

"Oh, come on, Jim," I said finally. He giggled and shrugged his shoulders. "Miss Betty said it was a cow first," he explained a little defiantly. "It was drawing time and I didn't want to draw so I played with a toy cow that's there, instead, and sometimes I made some marks with a crayon so she'd think I *was* drawing. And then pretty soon Miss Betty came and she said, "Oh, *Jim*mee, I *like* your cow," and I thought she meant the cow in my hand, but she didn't, she meant my scribble-scrabble. Isn't she crazy, Mother?"

'The Essence of Cowness'

And she was, of course, as I found out, but not more crazy than she had been taught to be and studied very hard to become. "I *wish* you hadn't discouraged him," she said mournfully a few days later. "Whatever he said when he came home, your little boy really and truly did draw a cow the other day but it was a cow as he sees cows not as some adult has forced him to see a cow. What your little Jimmee brought you was very precious—it was, you might say, the essence of cowness as cowness appears to the unspoiled little soul God gave to Jim." And more, much more. I listened to all of it and thanked her politely and I drove straight home muttering, "Garbage. Garbage. Garbage. Garbage," for the whole twelve miles. When I got home I told Jim I wanted to talk to him and we sat on the porch steps and I asked him to sing me *Jingle Bells*. He looked a little puzzled but he sang it all the way through in two-four time in the key of G—observing half-notes, quarter-notes, whole notes and rests. He sang B-notes where B-notes occur in the song and D-notes where D-notes occur and he sang them in the octaves in which they were written. He sang it all the way through, ending squarely on the G above middle C and he held the G for an additional count of three before he closed his mouth, swallowed, and looked up at me, and I swallowed too and kissed him and told him he was wonderful. Then I hummed *Three Blind Mice* and asked him (though I already knew) if he could sing *Jingle Bells* that way in school. "Of course not," he said. "Why not?" I asked. He thought for a while and then he said slowly that if you sing one song instead of another you just aren't singing that first song. So then I thought he was ready for the first lesson in What to Think and we decided that scribble-scrabble could be designs but they couldn't be cows, and pictures of cows could be called cows even if they aren't very good but if they were pink and had three legs and two tails, you couldn't call them just cows. You had to call

them pretend cows or funny cows because that was what was true about them.

Well, he wasn't about to become a Picasso naturally. For years and years after that, while the teachers told me that their job was to teach a child How to Think, not What to Think lest their brains wouldn't develop and they would never build up any mental muscles, I busily filled the young heads with the What that the school disapproved of so highly. For I had visions of my ten grown into handsome young people twenty years hence, sitting around flexing and unflexing their mental muscles because no one had remembered to put anything inside their heads to give the muscles a workout.

It's only fourteen years later, but still I think you would agree I've done a moderately extreme job. Drop in at our house some snowy afternoon this Christmas. Take that big old chair under the lamp. Stretch your feet out to the fire—you must be freezing. The children are all in the kitchen making cocoa. They are going to bring their mugs in here and toast marshmallows to go with it. Shall I have them bring a cup for you? Coffee then: or would you rather have a drink to warm you up?

Please Be Frank

I wonder if I can ask you to be quite frank with me. Are you tired, edgy, wrought-up? Do you start at sudden noises, and cringe at shrill sounds? Have the holidays turned you into a walking bundle of raw, quivering nerves? If so, would you tell me and I'll have the children stay in the kitchen with their cocoa. Please do be frank. I mean it. You don't know what they can do to you. They are all so noisy—even as individuals they are noisy—and they never get off the subject of politics.

What crowd noise? You mean the football game on television? Oh, that crowd noise! Well, that's what I was trying to tell you, that's the children.

I think I'll just fix you a drink anyway . . . a double, maybe . . . because in just about twenty seconds that door across the hall will explode open with the force of—well, not an atomic bomb, but certainly one of the old TNTs—and hit the wall with a shotgun crack, and, following a brief flurry of growls and snarls as two and a half times more Heaths than will fit try to get through the doorway first, twenty young feet will clump heavily across the hall and the living room and ten raucous young voices will continue whatever political (it's always political) argument (it's always an argument) they have been having.

"Listen, Buster," Jim will bellow with whatever God put in his neck instead of vocal chords, "in 1960, I was fifteen years old, as old as you are now! I *heard* Nixon with my own ears and, for your information, it took Kennedy to make him sound like a conservative. And I mean, it took everything Kennedy had!"

"Hold it, *hold it,* HOLD IT!" John

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squeaks which happens when he pushes too hard (he will croak the next sentence because his voice is apparently changing on a ten-year plan). "In the first place I happened to be eleven and a half years old in that election and I don't exactly think Donald Duck was running against Popeye, for Pete's sake! But what I'm talking about is a man can grow, can't he? *This* election, Nixon sounded more like Goldwater than Goldwater did!"

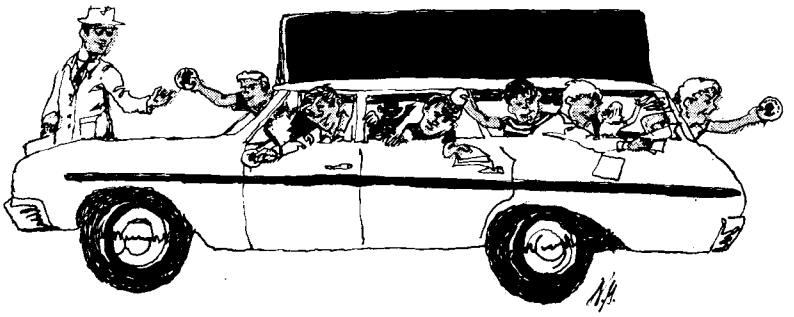
"Of course, I've always liked Towers of Texas," thirteen-year-old Priscilla inserts priggishly into the pause—very quickly because in our family there is a great deal of competition for pauses. She gives Pam, who is seventeen, and her idol, a quick sidelong glance to see whether she has noticed that what Priscilla has just said was repeated word for word from what Pam said at lunch. She's in luck; only her Mother has noticed it.

"Tower, you fink, not Towers," the boys growl.

"She means she likes all the Towers," says Alison, whose position as undisputed boss of the five younger children has given her perhaps a slightly exaggerated sense of security. The peewees laugh—a little too heartily—as they do at all sallies directed against the family teen-agers.

The children have settled themselves and their mugs around the fireplace and one by one they will discover you sitting half hidden in the big chair. A stricken look briefly crosses every face but little Janet's but you will not notice; because you, even as I, are watching with alarm mounting to panic, the spectacle of ten clumsy young things struggling to their feet from the midst of ten tall, tippable mugs of cocoa.

"Don't get up!" we cry in chorus and the children settle back and acknowledge their introductions with little ducks and nods of the head like reporters on "Meet the Press." Janet is already on the arm of your chair and turning her face towards yours. She will examine you carefully while the rest of the family holds its breath in anticipation of Janet's terrible personal remarks. This time she spares us. There are apparently more important things on her mind. "Where is your button?" she says. "How can I know who you



are for?" You look at me inquiringly and I explain: "Janet hasn't accepted the mandate of the people. In fact, she's turned it down and she's resumed her campaign for Goldwater."

"Oh," you say, "I see! You mean that button!" and you slip a hand into your pocket. "Why do you keep saying so many things and the thing I asked you to say is who are you for?" Janet asks again. "Senator Goldwater, of course," you assure her solemnly. "Good for you," Janet will crow, patting your head. Then she leans down toward the hearth and shrills, "Hey, you guys," to the group sitting below her, but the atmosphere has changed down there. The battle lines have been drawn and the troops drawn up over the question of whether Senator Keating or Senator Thurmond had behaved the worst, considered from the standpoint of his own party. Buckley, Alison, Betsey, Jennifer and Timothy are firmly ranged against Senator Thurmond and their elders, and so is Priscilla really, but she does not participate because she cannot bear to be against Pam.

Whole and Half Traitors

The three big children from the pro-Thurmond group and the boys, belying the maturity they so often remind me of, are behaving badly indeed. Pink with rage and their blue eyes bulging, they shout insults at the huddled little group across the hearth. "You stupid little baby finks. Don't you know *anything!* When we were your age . . ." there is a pause while Jim considers whose age he is talking about and in the silence Betsey's composed little voice rings out. "Mother," she says through the long black braids she is tying under her nose, "will you explain to those guys over there that a whole traitor is worse than half a traitor? And will you ask them please if they can figure out whether Keating or Thurmond was the whole traitor?"

The insult is grave and Betsey's cool little face is so unbearably smug that I can feel my own palms itching. I can understand the double-decibel value of the resulting pandemonium. John's eyes, though, have turned from gray to sky-blue—always a danger signal, and when I see his hand creep towards one of the gooier marshmallows I know *exactly* what he has in mind. I jump to my feet, clapping my hands together so hard they still sting an hour later; and I roar: "That's e-NOUGH!" Through the sudden silence Janet's little voice comes sweetly. She is addressing you. "Do you want to hear something bad about Mother?" This puts you, I can see, in a difficult position so I nod reassuringly. "Yes, I'd love to," you tell Janet. "Well," she confides, but by no means in a confidential tone, "Mother won't let me say the President is a poo-poo. And he is!" I look down at the hearth where, the fight forgotten, the older children are holding their mouths and rolling back and forth in sheer pleasure. You raise your eyes in inquiry and I am able to say quite truthfully, "I have no idea what she means." In nineteen years of motherhood I have successfully kept from knowing what a poo-poo is and don't think it's been easy but moments like this are the reward of my firm refusal to increase my vocabulary.

Nevertheless, the situation is infuriating and I suggest as I certainly would not have if I had thought twice, "Priscilla and Buckley, why don't you sing your new song for us?" They both flush with pleasure, having had no compliments to date on their song, and sit down at the piano. This is your lucky day. You are about to hear an original poem set to the music of the enchanting old melody *Chop-*

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sticks. Priscilla and Buckley play an introductory two measures and then the "girl" verses, composed and sung by Priscilla, begin:

Two young brides of yesteryear
Are now two widows sad-ad-ad.

(All right: you're singing a poem to *Chopsticks.*) The Buckley, or boy verses, are sung with his choirboy sweetness and charm, as indeed they need to be:

Diem, the husband of Mme. Nhu
Got stabbed to death with You,
You, You
Know it hurts a lot
President Kennedy got shot.

The moral of the poem seems to be that if Kennedy had managed to save Diem, Oswald would have been just one more spectator along the Presidential parade route in Dallas.

Well, they are only thirteen and eleven. Forgive them.

Terrible Timothy

Six-year-old Timothy, who has been standing aloofly in the background watching you with great concentration, has apparently now accepted you. He whispers in my ear that he has something important to tell here. I transmit the message and Timothy stands before you shortly and informs you somberly that his message is about Communism. The Communists, he thinks you ought to know, are against us and we are against Communists, and they plan to beat us up but, man, are they going to be surprised, because they don't even *know* about Timothy Heath yet! And with modest pride, Terrible Timothy sticks one skinny little leg in the air and shows you his heavy brace and boot. "One kick with *that* foot," he grits from clenched teeth, and while you ponder the appalling fate in store for the Communists, Tim smiles and the serious little face breaks into whole galaxies of twinkles and dimples.

Tim-Tim, like all the children, is An Authority. Ask them about the Congo or Katanga. Or Vietnam. (Mme. Nhu is a sub-specialty, exclusive rights to which are held by Priscilla Heath.) But ask her anything. Oh, and Pete Seeger. Ask them anything about Pete Seeger. (He was at college with Jim for a while but he returned just last night.)

No, don't ask us about the Warren Report yet for a while. The three big children are trying to stick their loving Mother with it and I can't thrash the matter out with them until after Christmas (I do think drawing straws is the only fair way).

Exclusive Hungarian Rights

Buckley has exclusive rights to the Hungarian Freedom Fighters till next term when they will be transferred to John for a paper. Pam is our propaganda specialist. Ask her what two words the press used to beat Goldwater. As a matter of fact I'll tell you now. One word was "tried" and the other was "claimed." The press always reported Johnson as having stated "x" or denied "x," but Goldwater, on the other hand, invariably claimed "x," or tried to deny "x." Pam's parlor game is to invent phrases, like "he found the diamond" to put after the two positive statements, and "he stole the diamond" to be used after the two negative statements.

But go on. Ask her anyway.

Janet, by this time, has shinnied all the way up your leg and arm to your shoulder. She grasps your chin with a firm little hand and is turning your head towards her bright little monkey face. She asks you twice, breathlessly, "You know what!" Assuming that you do not, she now tells you with an expression of great ferocity that she is not just only going to kick those *Commonists,* like Tim-Tim. She is going to kill them. Dead, she adds, like *this* and she demonstrates what seems to be execution by a single body blow of unbearable drive and power. Then, quite possibly, she will spit.

And I *do* hope she misses you—tsk, tsk, oh, that beautiful sports jacket (Jennifer, run get a cloth)—and after you have been so sweet and patient listening to all these children! But I told you, remember? This is why Ben spends Sunday afternoon locked in his bedroom with the television set. Lovely to have seen you.

Oh, there's a question you wanted to ask me before you go? Did I *really* tell Timothy that Tommy Major's Mother was going to Hell because she voted for Johnson? No, I DID NOT. Once and for all.

What happened was this. One day Timothy said: "Would you go to Hell if you voted for Johnson?"

I said: "Do you mean me or do you mean people? If you mean me, the answer is yes because I'm an educated voter and I'd be committing a mortal sin if I voted for him. If you mean 'people,' no, because they are not as smart as your dear, dear Mother, you lucky boy." Tim looked at me gravely. "Will Tommy's Mother go to Hell? She's going to vote for Johnson."

"Oh, I don't think so, Tim," I said, not terribly interested in the whole subject. "She doesn't know enough to know what she's voting for. But wouldn't she be surprised if she did go to Hell!"

Dangerous Euphoria

It was then that I made my big mistake. You remember those lovely warm days last fall. Well, they affect me very badly. They increase my euphoria to the point of mania. I was near the piano while I talked to Tim and I sat down and played and sang, *"Tommy's Mother went to Hell on the Donkey ticket/ Now she knows a Johnson vote is very, very wicked."* Timothy thought it was charming and rushed out to collect his friends Brian and Billy to hear it. Billy called in his sister Beth who was playing with Pammy Shepherd from the next street over. In about ten minutes there were over a dozen children in the house bawling out at the top of their lungs the news that "Tommy's Mother went to Hell." And what was I doing? Big fat fool that I am. I was sitting there at the piano bawling it out with them and playing different versions of the piano accompaniment and setting up duets and interesting arrangements and in general behaving not at all like a woman whose living room windows face onto the Major driveway. And that's absolutely all there is to it.

I don't blame her for thinking it was a rehearsal. I don't even blame the children for telephoning her the next few days and nights to sing it. I drummed it into their heads so hard they probably still can't think of another tune. And that I swear is the whole story. It is absolutely what happened. And don't believe any other version.

And we *do* speak.

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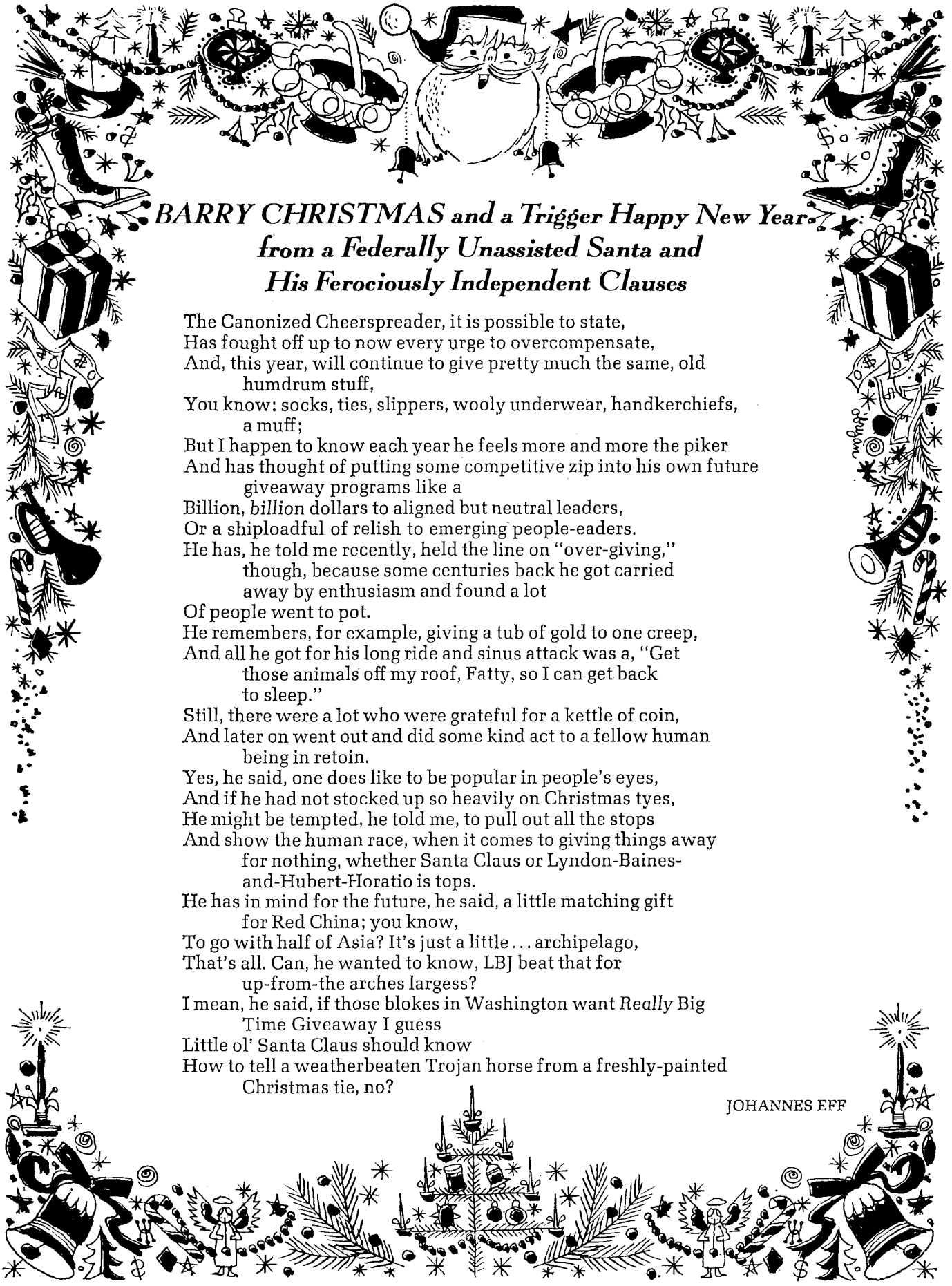

BARRY CHRISTMAS and a Trigger Happy New Year from a Federally Unassisted Santa and His Ferociously Independent Clauses

The Canonized Cheerspreader, it is possible to state,
Has fought off up to now every urge to overcompensate,
And, this year, will continue to give pretty much the same, old
humdrum stuff,
You know: socks, ties, slippers, wooly underwear, handkerchiefs,
a muff;
But I happen to know each year he feels more and more the piker
And has thought of putting some competitive zip into his own future
giveaway programs like a
Billion, *billion* dollars to aligned but neutral leaders,
Or a shiploadful of relish to emerging people-eaders.
He has, he told me recently, held the line on "over-giving,"
though, because some centuries back he got carried
away by enthusiasm and found a lot
Of people went to pot.
He remembers, for example, giving a tub of gold to one creep,
And all he got for his long ride and sinus attack was a, "Get
those animals off my roof, Fatty, so I can get back
to sleep."
Still, there were a lot who were grateful for a kettle of coin,
And later on went out and did some kind act to a fellow human
being in retoin.
Yes, he said, one does like to be popular in people's eyes,
And if he had not stocked up so heavily on Christmas tyes,
He might be tempted, he told me, to pull out all the stops
And show the human race, when it comes to giving things away
for nothing, whether Santa Claus or Lyndon-Baines-
and-Hubert-Horatio is tops.
He has in mind for the future, he said, a little matching gift
for Red China; you know,
To go with half of Asia? It's just a little . . . archipelago,
That's all. Can, he wanted to know, LBJ beat that for
up-from-the arches largess?
I mean, he said, if those blokes in Washington want *Really* Big
Time Giveaway I guess
Little ol' Santa Claus should know
How to tell a weatherbeaten Trojan horse from a freshly-painted
Christmas tie, no?

JOHANNES EFF

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The Seriousness of Evelyn Waugh

JEFFREY HART

Typically, Evelyn Waugh's fictional heroes move from a condition of stability and security to one of radical disorder. In the earlier novels, up through *A Handful of Dust,* the radical disorder prevails. After that, there occurs a movement toward recovery, and in the recent trilogy about World War II Guy Crouchback recognizes in the end an order that transcends the absurdities of history.

Waugh's first novel, for example, *Decline and Fall,* is circular in shape: the riotous party of the Oxford Bollinger Club, which in the opening chapter precipitates the hero into his Candide-like adventures, has begun again in the last chapter: "Outside there was a confused roaring and a breaking of glass." From such circles, we understand, there is no escape. In other early novels, the concluding episode epitomizes the radical breakdown of order that has been implicit in what has gone before: the hero eats his girl friend at a cannibal feast, or is forced to end his days reading and rereading Dickens to a maniac in the depths of the jungle. The first volume of Waugh's autobiography, superbly written and restrained in manner, describes a similar movement from stability to disorder.

Waugh's childhood was happy in a quiet way, his mother affectionate, his father a sympathetic man of letters who felt that "if a man knows the Bible, Shakespeare, and Wisden he won't go far wrong." Waugh tells us that the mother was the more important figure in the household, since his father was often busy with his own affairs, yet one can doubt the final truth of this. In Waugh's novels the hero usually has an idiosyncratic guardian or father who is important to his development, but no mother at all.

A Little Learning, by Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown, $5.00

The family lived in the village of North End, Hampstead, now a dreary and deadly London suburb, but then a place of "dairy farms, market gardens and a few handsome old houses of brick or stucco standing in twenty acres or more; not far off there survived woods where we picked bluebells, and streams beside which we opened our picnic baskets." Looking back on these early years and remembering their quiet felicity, Waugh describes himself as an exile now, a man old enough to have seen "the obliteration of English villages . . . the grim cyclorama of spoliation which surrounded all English experience in this century," and he points out that "any understanding of the immediate past (which presumably is the motive for reading such a book as this) must be incomplete unless this huge deprivation of the quiet pleasures of the eye is accepted as a dominant condition, sometimes making for impotent resentment, sometimes for mere sentimental apathy, sometimes poisoning love of country and neighbors. To have been born into a world of beauty, to die amid ugliness, is the common fate of all us exiles." Waugh's point, quite simply, is true, and it is not applicable to England alone—as anyone can testify who has seen what has been done to Long Island or California within a generation.

The experience Waugh describes here, of "decline and fall"—to notice again the title of his first novel—occurs in other connections in his autobiography, as when an old house makes the transition from the eccentric splendor of Victorian decor to a vapid utilitarian modernity: "I am sure that I loved my aunts' house because I was instinctively drawn to the ethos I now recognize as mid-Victorian . . . it all belonged to another age which I instinctively, even then, recognized as superior to my own."

In this volume of his autobiography, the pattern of decline and fall, of radical dislocation, asserts itself in Waugh's own development, thus providing a kind of complement to the historical movement. He conducts us from his pleasant childhood through his lonely years at Lancing, his mediocre performance at Oxford, and his disastrous years as a teacher at a boys' school. The concluding chapter is entitled "In Which Our Hero's Fortunes Fall Very Low." Suffering from a deep *malaise,* his prospects doubtful, he considers suicide, and half-heartedly attempts it by swimming out to sea. The pattern of decline and fall is thus both a psychological experience and a valid observation he is able to make about what is happening in the world around him. The imaginative power this pattern possesses in his novels seems thus to be connected with the fact that it is at once an intensely personal experience and susceptible of wide generalization.

Such personal-public coordinates occur in other connections, and it is of great interest in reading his autobiography to discover the highly private content of some of his magnificent comic creations. Apthorpe with his "thunder box" reflects Waugh's distaste for the communal latrine at school ("In order to secure a seat one had to book one from its occupant. There were cries of: 'After you'; 'I've got second off of these three'; 'I'll take third off.' I was shy of addressing these strangers at any time; in that posture I found it quite impossible"); but in the novel Apthorpe represents the fastidious individualism of prewar England. He must be defeated by Brigadier

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Ritchie-Hook, the magnificent one-eyed warrior who is always "biffing" the enemy, and who derives from the romantic heroes of boys' fiction, but is also, in his single-minded devotion to war, a kind of Churchillian figure. And indeed, Ritchie-Hook's death in Yugoslavia during a phony battle arranged by British Communists to improve Tito's public relations, represents the tragic fatuity of British and American policy.

If the first volume of Waugh's autobiography ends with its hero in a bad way, we may expect, on the evidence of the novels, that the continuation of his story will provide an account of the process of recovery and reordering. To name a thing can be one way of controlling it, and Waugh has achieved a kind of triumph over disorder by making it the subject of his comic art. And there is also the central fact of his religious belief, which receives such convincing treatment in his Crouchback trilogy—easily the best novel to come out of World War II, and, indeed, the only one to manifest an understanding of the meaning of that war.

IN *A Little Learning,* Waugh refers to T. S. Eliot only in passing, yet in reflecting on the shape of Waugh's fictional *oeuvre,* one cannot but notice important similarities between the writers, and it is difficult to suppose that Waugh himself is unaware of them. Waugh's early novels are comic and satiric in mode, like Eliot's early poems, and have similar subject matter: the breakdown of social and moral order. Professor Channing-Cheetah, Mr. Hakagawa, and Sir Ferdinand Klein are in the vein of Professor Silenus, Lady Metroland, and Lord Monomark; and Waugh's sexually potent vulgarians, figures like Ginger in *Vile Bodies,* Rex Mottram in *Brideshead,* and Trimmer in the trilogy, inevitably remind us of Eliot's Sweeney. *A Handful of Dust* is Waugh's *Wasteland,* and, indeed, derives its title from Eliot's poem: "I will show you fear in a handful of dust." Both works are about spiritual emptiness. The Dickens novels Tony Last ends up reading to Mr. Todd may be thought of as analogous to the bits and fragments of culture Eliot uses in *The Wasteland*: amidst the ruins the past itself is incomprehensible and impotent. Both the novel and the poem make use in similar ways of casual adultery, random cruelty, breakdown of tradition, boredom, and suggestions of savagery on the frontiers, and both employ quick transitions among seemingly unrelated episodes to suggest the frenetic, inorganic quality of modern life. What Waugh said of *A Handful of Dust* could easily have been said by Eliot of *The Wasteland*: it "was humanist and contained all I had to say about humanism."

Helena is Waugh's *Ash Wednesday,* repossessing the religious tradition of the West by means of its symbols. *Brideshead* is his *Burnt Norton,* with its memory of the "garden" and its evocation of the Western past amidst an imaginatively shrunken present. The trilogy, a meditation upon the meaning of history which arrives at values that are not merely historical, occupies the place in Waugh's *oeuvre* that the *Four Quartets* have in Eliot's.

To make these connections with Eliot is one way of suggesting, in a brief way, that Waugh's intentions are of an order of seriousness that has not, I think, been sufficiently recognized.

The Comfort of Cold Friday

COLM BROGAN

A MAN WHO KNEW Whittaker Chambers very well once told me that he did not believe there was anybody who knew him with full intimacy. At the core of being of Chambers there was something elusive, something not responsive to ordinary standards of judgment and understanding. "There is an element of Dostoievsky there," he said.

The majestic *Witness* gives much evidence to support this perception, but this posthumous assembly of diary notes, fragments and short pieces strongly suggests that Chambers had also a large element of Thoreau. Thoreau turned his eyes away from contemplating the Himalayas because he had "some business with a drop of dew." He turned from the overwhelmingly immense to what was private and particular and could also be made personal.

Whittaker Chambers did the same. Caught in the Himalayas of a world-wide conspiracy, he made his escape only to endure an ordeal that almost certainly shortened his life. When that was over he retired to a farm at Westminster to find consolation and renewal from the small good things of the natural earth. In this book there are pages of superlative beauty on the birds, the quiet beasts, the ripening grain, the bud, the leaf, the flower, of the acres where he tried to put down the roots of his ancestry.

So far as I can understand it, that was the purpose of his settling on this farm and tending it with care that was both loving and brooding. A particularly rootless man in a rootless age, he wanted to establish a permanence and a fixed place, even although, or perhaps because, it was a permanence based on the natural flux of birth, growth, decay and rebirth. Noting the first signs of Autumn, he says there is nothing now to do but wait for the return of Spring. This total quietist identification with the natural cycle carried its own psychological dangers.

His favorite field and the one described with the most loving care was called Cold Friday. It was remote from the great world and yet not separate. Men working on those quiet acres had heard the guns of Gettysburg thundering only three miles away. More important for the author's interpretation of life, according to local legend Cold Friday was the field where all the warring Indian tribes could meet in peace in the days

Cold Friday, by Whittaker Chambers, edited by Duncan Norton-Taylor. Random House, $5.95

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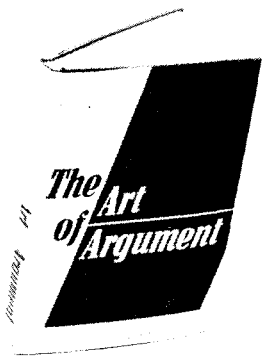
HOW TO ARGUE AND WIN!



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before the white men came. No wonder Chambers deeded the field to his son. It was a symbolic handing over of a symbol of deep meaning to him.

Intellectually the most important part of this book is the account of his student years at Columbia. When he first attended Columbia he was quite orthodox in his political and religious views. Columbia stripped him of everything. There was no overt attack on his beliefs, no attempt to win him away from his archaic superstitions; they were merely smiled away. I have never read a more brilliantly excoriating exposure of the nihilism that masquerades as Liberalism. Chambers was left with only one conviction, that the civilization into which he was born was corrupt, worthless and doomed. He turned to Communism.

In Heaven's name, why Communism? Chambers himself dismisses the question as a fatuity, but it is cogent and remains unanswered. It is hard to think of a man more temperamentally unsuited for the iron discipline and tyranny of the *apparat.* Even if he despaired of the West, the illimitable horrors of the atheistic East provided no alternative. He has a delightful description of a group of European immigrants whose bodies were in New York but whose hearts and minds were still in their native land. They were penniless and they were political oddballs. They attracted him so greatly that it seems incredible that he should not have been repelled by their Communist opposites. Why did he not become a pacific anarchist like his most eccentric friend? Why did he not become a Quaker without having to go through Hell first?

He came out of Hell still convinced of the utter corruption and the predestined doom of the West, and he died in that conviction. In this book he tells of a conversation with a Catholic hospital chaplain who asked him if the West deserved to survive. With all respect to Chambers and the priest, I think the question was misconceived. None was fiercer in his denunciation of the vices of Rome than St. Jerome, but when Rome fell to the barbarians he could not contain his horror and grief.

With all its sins, the West may not deserve to survive in its own right, although even that I would not accept, but it certainly does not "deserve" to go down before the power and permeation of a system that is literally an organized blasphemy against God and the true nature of man.

This is where I think Chambers' close identification with the annual death of Winter misled him. Winter's death can be accepted because it is the prelude to the renewal of life, richer and fresher from the long sleep. But if the West did go down before the living death of Communism, it would be as if the horses of Attila had broken into Cold Friday. Where their hooves trod, grass would never grow again.

In any event, I don't believe the West will fail to survive, deservedly or not. Not only have we an overwhelming superiority in material strength and fertility of invention, but we have an overwhelmingly more civilized way of life. We have, of course, no reason to be proud of our society, but it is marked just as much by Christian kindness as by corruption. Our governments do not instigate massacres in primitive countries. The Peace Corps may or may not be a good idea, but it is certainly disinterested.

CHAMBERS would have denied none of this, but he appears to have had a vision of irresistibly advancing evil, a vision that not many of us are willing to share. He was certainly a surprising man, and not the least surprising thing about him was his attitude after his final vindication in the Hiss case. He had suffered atrociously from the vilest smear campaign of the postwar period and there was a time when his liberty was in dire peril. It was understandable and inevitable that he should be emotionally exhausted when the ordeal was over, but there was more to it than that. From all I was able to read or hear about him, he seemed to behave as if it was himself and not Hiss who had been defeated. In contrast, the brass-faced Hiss resumed his combative self-justification as soon as he was released from jail.

Perhaps Chambers *was* defeated in a way that only he could fully understand. These fragments still leave his attitude in some respects obscure. He wrote them in the imminent shadow of almost instant death from coronary. No praise can be too high for his courage and no praise too high for the beauty of his writing and for the depths of his intuitions.

But the mystery remains.

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The Urban Renewal Fever

HARRISON J. ULLMANN

ALL MANNER OF ODD VAPORS issue from the boggy flats of the Potomac deer park, but few are odder than the miasma which induces urban renewal fever in the susceptible. Although most swampy plagues afflict only those in low places, this one infects mainly those who live in such high places as city halls, county courthouses and state capitols. Those living in low places, in fact, are

curiously immune. The people being renewed don't like it.

The victims of urban renewal fever suffer hallucinations. They see great grassy malls, speckled with towering aluminum and glass warrens, where none from the most conservative banker to the most speculative Zeckendorf can see them. They see blight in neighborhoods the unafflicted desire. At the crisis, the victims run amok, turning loose their bulldozers and eminent domain to flatten great swatches of the city. The rubble dust seems to have a curative power—at least the visions of aluminum grandeur disappear.

Martin Anderson has made the first comprehensive economic and statistical analysis of the urban renewal fever in his new book *The Federal Bulldozer,* published under the auspices of the Joint Center for Urban Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University (startling sponsors for such a book). Anderson's book should be invaluable. It provides, with Urban Renewal Administration and Housing and Home Finance Agency figures, a handbook of hard, factual data to refute the edited statistics offered the public by URA and HHFA.

These prestigious agencies would have us believe that the citizens who flee before the federal bulldozer find pleasant, sound housing in their cities. Anderson demonstrates that these people, most of them, are living in slums because they can't afford pleasant, sound housing in the first place. Whatever urban renewal may do, it does not raise their incomes so that they can afford better. Displacement of large numbers of these families in fact floods the low-income home and apartment market with customers and drives the prices up, so the victims may actually be paying more for less housing. Anderson, after developing this premise, examined a goodly number of urban renewal projects and found this to be as true in reality as in theory. Urban renewal worsens the residential lot of the people who get renewed.

The Federal Bulldozer, by Martin Anderson. M.I.T. Press, $5.95

Consider the omelet that comes from these few broken eggs. We are assured that urban renewal rips out a vast area that absorbs a lot of city services and pays very little back in taxes. This is all replaced by high-rise, highly taxable buildings tenanted by nice people who don't get into trouble with the police. Urban renewal funds are "seed money," we are told, and every dollar spent generates eight, ten, a dozen more spent by private developers.

The reality of urban renewal is considerably grimmer than the visions seen by the PR men of the Potomac's deer park. Anderson observes that in practice each $1 in renewal funds generates no more than $2 from developers. And even this is deceptive. A good bit of that $2 would have been spent elsewhere in the city if there had been no urban renewal project. Urban renewal projects absorb construction that would have been planned elsewhere in the city if there had truly been a market for it.

The projects, in addition, are no great money machines for the developers, Anderson writes. Their plans are compromised at every level of government before they are accepted and the compromises rarely have any-

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thing much to do with economic realities. The developers are usually forced to build something which does not truly fit the market they thought they were going after.

The projects, by their very nature, are in bad parts of town (although you can find blight, and therefore need, in almost any neighborhood). The new buildings are surrounded by districts the nice people don't like very much. It is hard to get occupancy up to profitable levels until two or three years have passed. Meanwhile, of course, these new buildings are being taxed at generally high local property tax rates. As they have learned this, the developers have become less and less fond of federal urban renewal projects. The result is that the projects are taking longer and longer to complete. By longer and longer, he means ten years or more—which is probably quite a bit longer than anyone needs a 100-acre parking lot in the middle of a slum.

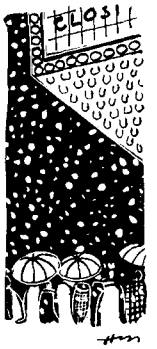
The entire problem, Anderson proves with his tables, graphs and URA figures, is that urban renewal has run into reality and become a horrid mess. There is little economic justification for the projects (the larger, more grandiose they are, the more their troubles) and they have an embarrassing tendency to lie around in their rubble until the victims of urban renewal fever recover and let economics work its natural cures.

This book is probably not going to be extensively reviewed in the Liberal journals—reality, too, is extremism—but it really ought to be read by all who have had their problems refuting the glossy and edited statistics offered by URA and HHFA to prove that things only look bad.

Movies

Maugham's the Word

FRANCIS RUSSELL



THERE IS a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together — as critics should remember. And among the other seasonable times, there is a time to make new versions of old moving pictures. Like seed-time and harvest, it seems part of an inflexible if often rather dull natural process. This time we have the streamlined version of Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. Little do I remember now of the Model-A version of the thirties beyond the urbanely gentle persuasiveness of Leslie Howard as Philip and Bette Davis' astringent accuracy as the half-cockney Mildred. But I do remember that at the time the picture struck me as a pretty fair rendering, in a necessarily flashier medium, of Maugham's best book.

Maugham always admitted that *Of Human Bondage* was his most personal, his most autobiographical novel. Only a few years ago while he was recording portions of it for the BBC he broke down and cried, explaining afterwards that he had not realized until he started reading how the old memories had persisted. Somewhere in the book he remarked of the long-lost Mildred that he supposed he would never wholly get over her.

I wish I might have brought that remark to the attention of the makers of the present film. It would seem elementary for a screen writer bent on a new *Bondage* version to bear in mind the autobiographical fact that Philip was as much Maugham there as Eugene Gant was Thomas Wolfe everywhere, and cut his script accordingly. Bryan Forbes, the present "adapter," has done little such thing. This is compounded by Kim Novak's playing a Mildred that Maugham could never have fallen in love with in the first place. And this is a pity in more ways than one, for Kim Novak plays her role of cockney waitress brilliantly. I had thought of her as a body without a brain, but here she shows herself an actress of talent. It is not her fault that she was miscast and misdirected. So much talent one cannot claim for Lawrence Harvey as Philip. The best that can be said for him is that, as a good-looking camp-follower of Leslie Howard, he tried hard.

The present version was filmed in Dublin, fortunately not in color—for Dublin is a grey city. But Dublin only adds to the confused directing. After a few glimpses of Merrion Square and inside the front gate of Trinity College plus a café that looks rather like Bewley's, one begins to feel, when the characters speak cockney or BBC, that the sound track must have got mislaid. Time is as confusing as place. Victorian costumes, Edwardian décor, and twenties expressions like "boy friend" and "no matter how you slice it." And wasn't it Harry Truman who started the fad of horizontal pocket handkerchiefs? Anyhow those TCD extras coming down the stairs of the School of Botany looked pretty contemporary to me. Not a stiff collar in a carload.

Two directors had their day and their way, with thin results. Maugham's sense of inevitability has passed them by. Mildred's descent from waitress to street-walker was almost as rapid as the transformation scene in a Christmas pantomime. Her Little Nell death scene was *not* an improvement on the original (where, as I remember it, Mildred just disappeared into the anonymity of London).

The picture fails to carry that minimum of conviction necessary even for a film. I suppose there are financial and tax reasons why a film about London should be shot in Dublin, just as—to look back a long way—*Mrs. Miniver* was shot in Hollywood and recently *Lolita* in England. In such transmogrifications the ridiculous is bound to intrude. It does in *Of Human Bondage* and no mistake, even though I for one find a certain irrelevant and possibly morbid nostalgia in looking at the doorways and interiors of Dublin lodging houses. Yet there were other incidental moments, and some of them were delightful. Robert Morley as a medical school professor lecturing undergraduates; how could he miss? Roger Livesey as the roguish old Athelny couldn't miss either. Of Siobhan McKenna reading from Ernest Dowson I am a little more dubious; not at her age!

The film ends, as films have been ending these many years, with Philip finding a new love in the good little

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girl, Sally Athelny. But oddly enough that is the way the book ended too. And Nanette Newman as Sally is completely charming. I can't even remember now who played Sally in the Leslie Howard version; but if Kim Novak is not plausible as Maugham's Mildred, Nanette Newman—minus the hop-pickers—is the book come to life.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

GUIDELINES FOR COLD WAR VICTORY, (American Security Council, $1.95). This is the first of a series of studies under the general title, "Peace and Freedom through Cold War Victory," to be published by the American Security Council, an organization known to a widening audience through its excellent weekly *Washington Report*. The authors of *Guidelines for Cold War Victory* restate convincingly, in terms of present realities, the case for a hard anti-Communist policy. They show why a "strategy of containment and interdependence leading to accommodation and convergence" has failed in the past and will continue to fail. They not only advocate a strategy based on the goal of Cold War victory, but explain just what that goal means and outline a program to achieve it. They apply the program in the fields of armament; psychological and economic warfare; relations with NATO, Latin America and the neutralist nations; UN tactics and internal security. If supplemented by background readings, *Guidelines for Cold War Victory would make a useful syllabus* for a seminar or discussion series. Unfortunately a reading list is not included, but perhaps the American Security Council will be able to publish one as a supplement, to be added to future printings. It could appropriately replace the rather phony attempt in the Foreword to pretend that the conclusions of this highly controversial study are merely a broad "nonpartisan synthesis of the best liberal, moderate and conservative thinking." J. BURNHAM

THE LIVING WORLD OF SHAKESPEARE, by John Wain (St. Martin's, $5.95). This book—meant to introduce the general reader to the plays (though many are not treated, including six of the first eight comedies)—is just what one fears in such introductions. *Travelogue-solicitous*: "we take leave of the tragedies, and turn with a new sense of expectation towards the masterpieces that are still to come." *Cute:* a cynic (its etymology given in Greek characters, but without the accent) "will lift up his leg and make water on anything." *Breezy: Timon* says "something rather bracing"; *Cymbeline's* "manner is far out." *Breathlessly summary:* to form a chapter to go with those on the histories, comedies, tragedies, and romances, Wain lumps together *Romeo, Troilus, Othello*, and *Antony* as "love plays." *Condescending:* Lady Macbeth is "the little fool." *Obvious:* "Macbeth is a brilliant demonstration of Shakespeare's prowess as a writer." *Apologetic:* he tries to acquit Iago and Edmund of the charge of being villains. *Biographical:* we are told at what lines Shakespeare became nervous, confident, overwrought, or intent on revealing his own homosexuality (when he gives it to Antonio as his "taint"). *Reflecting the last-fad-but-one* (in this case image-counting): to get another "mud image," Wain makes Cleopatra, in her speech on death's sleep, say that suicide no longer palates the nurse's *dung* (instead of Theobald's emendation to "dug"). And, of course, *wrong:* Wain thinks that Claudius addresses his lines on the divinity of kings to Hamlet, that Hamlet speaks "A little more than *kin* . . ." while coming onstage, and that *Othello* was written before *Measure for Measure;* he does not understand the theological concepts of divine right (which he confuses with infallibility) or murder (which he has Hamlet *père* confuse with killing). G. WILLS

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (December 15)

O. Henry
THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

The magi . . . were . . . wonderfully wise men who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication.

GERMANY'S ECONOMIC DILEMMA, by Patrick M. Boarman (Yale, $7.50). This far-ranging study of the West German economy after the 1948 currency reform makes several crucial points: 1) in the absence of an international gold standard, national economies tend towards isolationism; 2) that is, being sheltered from the immediate disciplinary force of gold movements, they can persist in wayward economic and monetary policies; 3) and in the absence of the "impersonal" standard of gold, there is no rational compromise between (*e.g.*) inflationary governments that urge Bonn to inflate, and Bonn's implacable urging that her trading partners put their monetary systems on a sounder basis. Bonn's "dilemma" is that her very success in exports has piled up mountains of monetary reserves that threaten her with the one thing Germans fear most, having known its most disastrous effects: inflation. Professor Boarman argues solidly up to this point. Along the way, however, he passes over some questions that beg for closer attention. If, for example, German government policy was a strong factor in the export drive, why couldn't that policy be more convincingly reversed? If the assumptions underlying the series of equations ("formal identities") include an implicit repudiation of Say's Law, what says Prof. Boarman of W. H. Hutt's recent and elegant defense of that Law? How complete is an analysis of nineteenth-century German "liberalism" that ignores Bismarck's social-welfarism? But, excepting the problem of Say's Law, these are minor flaws. The book teems with fascinating statistics, and provides a marvelous critique of the deterioration of Western economic cooperation after the abandonment of the gold standard. W. F. RICKENBACKER

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Speaking Up . . .

M. Catherine Babcock would like to thank all her readers for making this a very successful year. And she closes 1964 by wishing everyone a joyful, holy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

In addition, your university or club might wish to schedule some of our excellent speakers for the coming year: Frank S. Meyer, senior editor of National Review and editor of What is Conservatism?; *William A. Rusher, publisher of National Review; Ralph de Toledano, syndicated columnist; L. Brent Bozell, attorney, lecturer and noted analyst of Supreme Court; Russell Kirk, professor of politics, syndicated columnist and author of* Fulminations of a Nocturnal Bookman; *Dr. Anthony T. Bouscaren, writer, professor and author; Dr. Thomas Molnar, lecturer and author of* The Failure of the Counter-Revolution; *Ernest van den Haag, eminent psychoanalyst and professor of social philosophy; Erik Ritter von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, linguist and author; William F. Rickenbacker, senior editor of National Review.*

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 1130)

Zionist and not a Leftist. (I assume you consider such identification necessary in this controversy, since you refer to Max Geltman as a Jewish scholar.) I am a conservative who finds Miss Arendt's admission—in the Scholem-Arendt exchange—that she does not love the Jewish people somewhat less than a recommendation. As a conservative I know that one can be above the love of one's people, but I also know that one can be below it. Finally, as a conservative I believe one should be responsible. The Left can be blamed for many things but when it comes to anti-semitism it is certainly innocent in comparison with the Right. It is sad to see, in a responsible conservative journal, an article by an author who apparently does not have the nobility —a conservative virtue—to admit this uncomfortable fact.

New York, N.Y. NORBERT GUTERMAN

O.K. then, Miss Arendt has stated that some Jews led their compatriots to death. So what? Is the blame of six million dead to be shifted to a handful of Judases, mercenaries, criminals or unwitted persons? If Eichmann is not, as scholars Arendt and Geltman state, "uniquely guilty of most of the crimes committed against the Jews of Europe," then who pressed the button? Who gave the orders? Who sent the troops to round up the victims?

How dare your two scholars speak of "massive resistance or even of non-resistance" when they did not experience the feel of a bayonet in the ribs? Not having known total terror and death, and relying on hindsight —as even Geltman admits—perhaps allows the type of indictment that Miss Arendt makes. But to justify such an indictment on the grounds of scholarship is far removed from my understanding of the term.

Auburn, N.Y. MYRON CONN

A Reply

First, to Mr. Rabinove, I would say that I "belittle" nothing and nobody. I was merely retelling the episode of a tragedy in which everybody was guilty. Nor was it my intention to delve into the matter of Jewish resistance or non-resistance. In this connection the Jews behaved no better—or worse—than other Europeans subjugated by German arms. It is Miss Arendt's critics who have raised this question, some saying the Jews resisted heroically; while others chide her for not underscoring the fact that resistance was impossible. In truth the Jews did the best they could in the face of a universal betrayal. This, however, does not dispose of a point stressed by Miss Arendt—and substantiated by some on-the-spot observers—that if there had been less organized cooperation with the enemy (for whatever reason and regardless of motive) there would certainly have been fewer casualties.

Myron Conn, apparently, does not agree with this. He seems to be under the spell of the magic button myth. The truth is that no single "button" was responsible for the destruction of the Jews of Europe. There were many "buttons" and many fingers to press them. And some—both at home and abroad—with the highest power to act in order to deflect the fingers from the buttons failed to do so.

I regret Mr. Guterman got the wrong impression from my use of the word "persists" in the Scholem-Arendt exchange of letters. I thought it was pretty clear that I meant persists *with some of her other critics* in raising the issue of Jewish resistance. But that should not lead him to misstate Miss Arendt's assertion about her love of the Jewish people. She did not say, as is implied, that she "does not love the Jewish people," period. What she did say was that she did not love *any* people—in the aggregate. Like most decent human beings she prefers to be selective about her loves and, I presume, about her detestations.

Finally, in reply to his statement that the Left "is certainly innocent in comparison with the Right" so far as antisemitism is concerned, I would only say here in a few words (what I have just concluded saying in a whole book) that modern racial and social antisemitism—whether of the Left or Right—leads ultimately to the death of the Jews either by physical extermination as under *national* socialism in Germany or by spiritual and/or physical annihilation as under *multinational* socialism in Russia. The end result of both was, however, largely inspired by the teachings of the fathers of modern socialism—and their immediate predecessors.

New York, N.Y. MAX GELTMAN

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Adjective describing slightly damaged goods.	4 55 151 157 166 84 118 77
B. Presiding officers.	27 73 105 178 85 101 121 57
C. Form of farm transportation (2 wds.).	53 109 171 159 93 1 102
D. The man on horseback (German).	64 162 19 52 168 150
E. Again or often (archaic).	74 49 58 33 47 2 167 61
F. Masses formed by freezing of dripping water.	86 31 14 42 173 3 75
G. Essential Washington, D. C., furniture.	170 16 115 76 50 22 98
H. Town near Seattle.	56 143 34 111 5 169 128
I. Florid style of ornamentation.	91 117 45 155 63 165
J. Card game.	175 129 113 124 137 145 153 6
K. Mysterious.	20 147 154 38 24 17
L. A schoolboy trick (2 wds.).	23 114 125 176 28 35 138 160 106

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Means of elevation for the ambitious (2 wds.).	39 36 149 79 130 87 126 140 107 131
N. Former Senator third baseman.	139 158 179 94
O. The Irish gave him a *good letting alone.*	15 174 69 133 163 103 120
P. A concomitant.	78 70 161 18 29 127 172 99 180
Q. News source for some reporters.	46 65 88 59 71 40 80
R. A diary or journal (obsolete).	60 21 96 108 81 132 122 7 95
S. Philatelists' delight.	110 82 134 25 8 177
T. Craving.	119 37 89 135 66 30 72 146
U. Banquo's son.	152 43 90 67 112 9 123
V. Novels.	48 32 26 136 41 10 164
W. French mayor's deputy.	100 142 83 104 51 11 148
X. To fix indelibly, as in the memory.	144 92 116 68 97 141 12
Y. Ruder or cruder.	156 44 54 62 13

See page 1158 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

		1 C	2 E	3 F	4 A	5 H	6 J		7 R	8 S		9 U	10 V	11 W	12 X	13 Y
14 F	15 O	16 G	17 K	18 P		19 D	20 K		21 R	22 G	23 L	24 K	25 S	26 V		27 B
28 L	29 P	30 T	31 F	32 V	33 E	34 H		35 L	26 M		37 T	38 K	39 M	40 Q	41 V	42 F
	43 U	44 Y	45 I	46 Q		47 E	48 V		49 E	50 G	51 W	52 D	53 C		54 Y	55 A
56 H	57 B		58 E	59 Q	60 R		61 E	62 Y	63 I	64 D	65 Q	66 T	67 U	68 X	69 O	
70 P	71 Q		72 T	73 B	74 E		75 F	76 G	77 A	78 P	79 M	80 Q		81 R	82 S	83 W
84 A	85 B	86 F	87 M	88 Q		89 T	90 U	91 I	92 X	93 C	94 N	95 R		96 R	97 X	98 G
	99 P	100W	101B	102C		103O	104W		105B	106L	107M	108R	109C	110S		111H
112U		113J	114L	115G	116X	117I	118A	119T	120O	121B		122R	123U	124J	125L	126M
127P	128H		129J	130M		131M	132R	133O	134S	135T	136V	137J	138L	139N		140M
141X	142W		143H	144X	145J	146T	147K	148W	149M	150D		151A	152U		153J	
154K	155I	156Y	157A	158N	159C	160L	161P	162D	163O	164V		165I	166A	167E	168D	169H
	170G	171C		172P		173F	174O	175J	176L	177S	178B	179N	180P			

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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For The Record

Significant straws at the Republican governors' anti-Dean Burch hootenanny in Denver: Liberal Gov. Mark Hatfield did not form part of the lynch mob; canny Gov. James Rhodes of Ohio didn't show up at all. Hatfield's moderation evoked angry comment from the Rockefeller - Romney - Smylie - Scranton cabal, but could pay off politically later on. . . . Not to be overlooked as possible GOP candidate in '68 (well, almost possible) is Colorado's able young Sen. Peter Dominick. . . . House Speaker John McCormack has, in effect, warned gung-ho Democratic Liberals that he may not go along with proposals to change the seniority rules in the House. "Some of my Liberal friends," he commented, when asked about the proposed changes, "want to own me."

Wound-up-in-his-own-rhetoric-Dept., Foreign Minister Ousmane Ba of Mali. He charged in emotional UN speech that the powers that initiated the mercy air-drop into Stanleyville were also in effect responsible for the "murder of Patrice Lumumba," "the death of Dag Hammarskjold" and "the assassination of John F. Kennedy." . . . Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak, in his rebuttal, revealed that intercepted messages from "President" Gbenye of the rebel forces had ordered the Simbas to "devour" the foreign prisoners or "to put barrels of gasoline in front of their doors and grill them alive." . . . Nigeria was only African government to speak out in favor of the U.S.-Belgian mission. . . . Latest figures indicate that the rebels murdered 20,000 people, most of them Congolese. Nearly 5,000 died in and around Stanleyville alone.

Vicky, *New Statesman* — Ben Roth Agency

Les Grandes Européens, another impressionist masterpiece on the International Market

Watch for an accelerated urban renewal propaganda blast after the New Year. Urban renewal legislation is scheduled to lapse in 1965. . . . Eugene Foley, head of the Small Business Administration, predicts that by 1972, if the urban renewal programs continue, between 100,000 and 120,000 small businesses will have been displaced by renewal projects. Three out of every ten businesses closed by renewal projects, he says, fail to reopen. . . . Having relocation troubles too: Vice President-elect Hubert Humphrey. For one full day HHH was in possession of the plush quarters of the Congressional Atomic Energy Committee which, not having been notified of its eviction, howled so loudly that Hubert Horatio beat a hasty retreat.

Separatist movements in north and northeast Thailand, sparked and supplied by the Chinese Communists, are causing serious concern to SEATO powers. . . . Reports persist that Sukarno will be forced to resign shortly because of illness. Often mentioned as a successor is Third Deputy Chaerul Saleh, a Peking-oriented Communist. . . . The USIA library in Surabaya, Indonesia, sacked and burned two weeks ago, was the 15th to be destroyed this year, the 75th since 1947.

Bobby Baker investigation outcrop: a WNBC/NY broadcaster last week reported that a congressman's wife woke him a couple of nights earlier and told him there were burglars in the house. "Perhaps a few in the Senate, my dear," he said, "but never in the House!"

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1964

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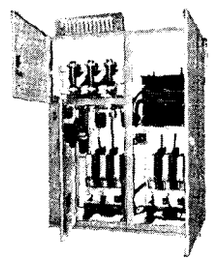

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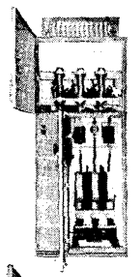
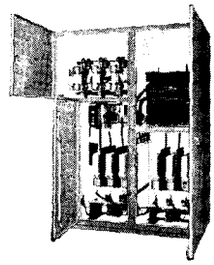
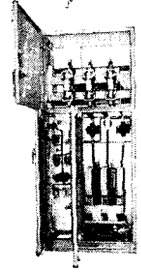


Full Voltage Synchronous Motor Starter Bulletin 966



Reduced Voltage Induction Motor Starter Bulletin 1172



Full Voltage Induction Motor Starter Bulletin 1159

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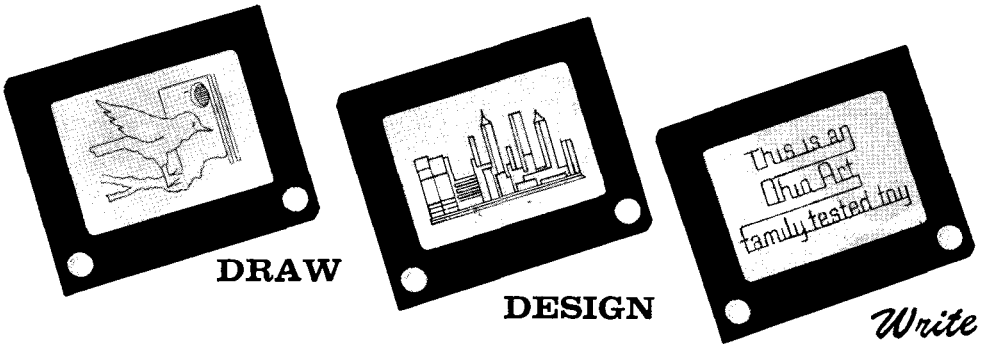

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in a CAR
in a PLANE
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